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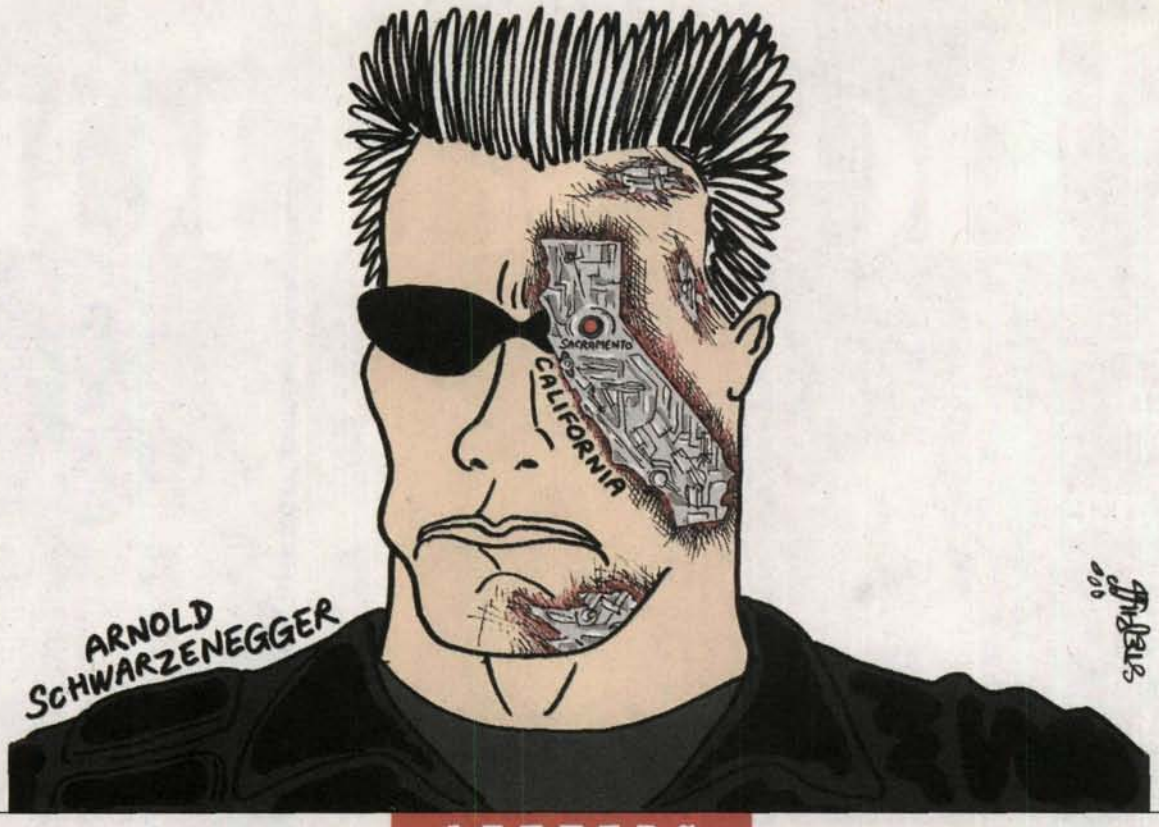

STEPHANE PERAY

LETTERS

PRISON FAMILIES

Easthampton, Mass.

■ I was impressed by Chesa Boudin's "Children Left Behind" [Sept. 29], about the importance of children visiting their imprisoned parents. I met Chesa when he was 8 and he listened to me tell the story of what happened to me after my parents, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, were arrested. He commented, "Boy, his life was just like mine, only worse."

Prison visits are the source of the only memories I have of my parents. Those memories were a vital part of what enabled me to overcome the challenges I faced. This is one of the reasons the Rosenberg Fund for Children, which I direct, established its Attica Fund Prison Visit Program to enable the children of prisoners to visit their incarcerated loved ones. But neither the Rosenberg Fund nor dozens of larger public foundations have the resources to address more than a small slice of a problem that touches millions of children in this country.

Chesa's call for finding effective alternatives to jail is a necessary first step. If we drastically reduce the number of people imprisoned, it will dramatically cut the number of affected children. But we can also ameliorate the problem by housing inmates in prisons that are located near where their families live and by providing low-cost transportation and a child-friendly environment for children to visit their parents in prison. ROBERT MEEROPOL

WORLD PARLIAMENT? 'UNREALISTIC'

Geneva

■ Richard Falk and Andrew Strauss's "Toward a Global Parliament" [Sept. 22] is right to draw attention to the lack of democratic accountability in international relations. However, their idea of an elected world parliament representing all peoples and functioning as a counterweight to the power of governments, laudable as it sounds, is unrealistic.

Aside from the logistical and representational problems, and the daunting task of defining the powers of such a body vis-à-vis national parliaments and governments, not to mention international institutions like the United Nations, a world parliament could not function until democratic values and practices are firmly established in the world. When one considers the war-torn countries where people have not voted seriously in decades, the countries where people's electoral choices are limited to a single candidate or party and the countries whose electoral systems unfairly penalize minority views or discourage voting, it is clear that the road to democracy, especially outside national boundaries, is long and tortuous. And it always starts at home.

The Inter-Parliamentary Union (IPU) is perhaps the institution that most closely embodies the ideas and hopes that Falk and Strauss put forward. The IPU, with its 145 member parliaments and offices in Geneva and New York, is today the UN's main point of contact with the world parliamentary community and the citizens beyond it. A key objective of the IPU is to bring a parliamentary dimension to the work of the UN and its related agencies, along with bodies like the WTO and World Bank. The statements and resolutions that member parliaments adopt at the biannual assemblies on virtually every topic of importance (climate change, food security, AIDS, trade) provide one way of making the views of parliaments, and their constituents, better known to the governments that run the UN and other international bodies. With its newly acquired observer status at the UN, the IPU is now in a position to participate directly in General Assembly debates.

The overall objective of the relationship between parliaments and the UN is to bring the voice of the people to the multilateral negotiating forums and engage parliaments more directly in their work. This includes increasing the understanding within parliaments of international agreements so that they can support them, and encouraging them to mobilize public opinion and forge national support for international action. It also involves assisting national parliaments, especially the newer and less experienced ones, to increase their capacity to exercise parliamentary scrutiny and oversight over matters that are subject to international cooperation.

All of the above may well be a far cry from international parliamentary assemblies attached to the UN, but it has the merit of being entirely practical. Thanks to the IPU, such a system already exists and will certainly gain a firmer hold in the future. ANDERS B. JOHNSSON
IPU secretary general

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EDITORIALS

Is Syria Next?

Shortly after 9/11, the government received an extraordinary gift of hundreds of files on Al Qaeda, crucial data on the activities of radical Islamist cells throughout the Middle East and Europe and intelligence about future terrorist plans. These dossiers did not come from Israel or Saudi Arabia, whose kingdom appeared more concerned at the time with securing safe passage for members of the bin Laden family living in the United States, but—as Seymour Hersh revealed in the July 28 *New Yorker*—from Syria. One CIA analyst told Hersh, "the quality and quantity of information from Syria exceeded the agency's expectations." Yet, the analyst added, the Syrians "got little in return for it."

What they got instead was an unrelenting Washington-sponsored campaign of vilification. It began last year, when the "Axis of Evil" was expanded to include Syria, largely because Syria—a member of the 1991 coalition against Saddam Hussein—refused to support a pre-emptive war against Iraq. And it has culminated in the Syria Accountability Act, approved 33 to 2 by a House committee on October 8. If the bill passes, Syria will not be able to receive "dual use" goods unless it cuts all ties with Hamas and Islamic Jihad (neither of which is linked to Al Qaeda) and cracks down on Hezbollah (a guerrilla movement that enjoys wide popular support among Lebanese Shiites); withdraws its troops from Lebanon; and proves that it is not developing weapons of mass destruction. What's more, the President would be directed to choose from a menu of six additional sanctions, including a freeze on Syrian assets in the United States and a ban on US exports, except food and medicine.

The committee's vote came on the heels of Bush's endorsement of an Israeli airstrike on a Palestinian training camp outside Damascus, Israel's first assault on Syrian territory since 1974. Never mind that the apparently moribund camp belonged to the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine–General Command, not to Islamic Jihad, which claimed responsibility for the October 4 suicide attack in Haifa; or that Israel's attack threatened to widen the already explosive Israeli-Palestinian conflict. In Bush's words, "Israel must not feel constrained in terms of defense of the homeland."

The Syria Accountability Act is all but certain to destroy the fledgling cooperation between US and Syrian intelligence agencies, which have a common interest in combating Islamic extremism. To sabotage such a relationship would seem downright perverse, when America is in desperate need of Arab allies in the "war on terrorism." But a perversion of priorities is something we have come to expect from the Bush Administration, and from the influential neoconservative clique—many of them closely allied with the Israeli right—shaping policy in the Pentagon.

In an eerie replay of the buildup to the war on Iraq, the demonization of Syria has swelled to a chorus in Washington, whose members include not only Republicans but pro-Israel Democrats like Tom Lantos, the senior Democrat on the House committee that passed the act. The leading Democratic presidential candidates backed Bush's support for Israel's bombing in Syria. Only months ago we were told that the "road to peace in Jerusalem runs through Baghdad." As resistance to the US occupation of Iraq grows and the road map continues to crumble, the neocons are having a much harder time making that argument, so we are now being told that the twisted road to peace runs through Damascus.

Syria, to be sure, is hardly an appealing regime. A police state run by a tiny Baathist clique, it deprives its own citizens of the most basic liberties, maintains thousands of troops in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley in violation of UN Resolution 520 and continues to meddle in Lebanon's internal affairs. It has also supported Hezbol-

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lah's "resistance" operations against Israeli positions in the disputed Shebaa Farms, finding it a useful proxy force with which to pressure Israel to return the Golan Heights, illegally occupied since 1967. Yet Syria has also played an important role in stabilizing Lebanon since the civil war—a role quietly appreciated by Washington—and in encouraging Hezbollah's transformation from a radical militia to a pragmatic political party. Despite occasional flare-ups, violent incidents on the Lebanese-Israeli border have been rare since Israel's withdrawal in 2000.

The Accountability Act simply ignores this, in a flagrant display of the double standards of US Middle East policy. How, in good faith, can we call for sanctions against Syria for its occupation of Lebanon while coddling Israel, whose incomparably more violent and brutal occupation remains the chief source of troubles in the Mideast—the principal reason we are not viewed as honest brokers? Moreover, while claiming to promote democracy in Syria, the act is more likely to strengthen the hand of the sclerotic Baathist old guard, which can now invoke the threat of an American war to suppress dissent, and hobble President Bashar Assad's (admittedly inadequate) efforts to pursue reform. The intellectuals who participated in Syria's short-lived "Damascus Spring" two years ago will be further silenced by the act for fear of being associated with a policy that might have been devised in Tel Aviv.

In a sense, it was. To properly understand the Syria Accountability Act, one has to go back to a 1996 document, "A Clean Break: A New Strategy for Securing the Realm," drafted by a team of advisers to Benjamin Netanyahu in his run for prime minister of Israel. The authors included current Bush advisers Richard Perle and Douglas Feith. "Syria challenges Israel on Lebanese soil," they wrote, calling for "striking Syrian military targets in Lebanon, and should that prove insufficient, *striking at select targets in Syria proper*." No wonder Perle was delighted by the Israeli strike. "It will help the peace process," he told the *Washington Post*, adding later that the United States itself might have to attack Syria.

But what Perle means by "helping the peace process" is not resolving the conflict by bringing about a viable, sovereign Palestinian state but rather—as underscored in "A Clean Break"—"transcending the Arab-Israeli conflict" altogether by forcing the Arabs to accept most, if not all, of Israel's territorial conquests and its nuclear hegemony in the region. This one-sided approach has succeeded only in fueling resentment against America, as demonstrated most recently by the October 15 bombing of a US convoy in Gaza that killed three Americans. The attack, which was denounced by Palestinian leaders, came just hours after the US veto of a Security Council resolution condemning Israel's new "security" wall, which gobbles up large swaths of land in the West Bank.

No one doubts that citizens of Syria and Lebanon would benefit from the demise of the Baathist dictatorship. But making an enemy of Syria will neither lead to the flowering of Syrian democracy nor bring an end to terror in Israeli cities. If any state is a breeding ground for terrorists today, it is Iraq, thanks to America's reckless war. The absence of stable governance in Mesopotamia poses far more of a threat to regional security than the presence of an Islamic Jihad office in Damascus. To be sure, states must be held accountable for fostering terrorism. What we need now, however, is not a Syria Accountability Act but an America Accountability Act.

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COMMENT

Dying for AIDS Drugs

AIDS deaths, which increased ferociously in the United States throughout the 1980s and early '90s to a peak of 51,000 a year, suddenly abated in 1996 with the advent of antiretroviral combination therapy, a pricey and toxic brew that pulled people from their hospital beds like Lazarus. The relief was so intense that Andrew Sullivan announced "the end of AIDS," and researcher David Ho held out the hope of "eradication." It's often forgotten that AIDS deaths didn't fall to 9,000 a year by 2001 because of drug discovery alone. Those lives were also saved by a national commitment to provide access to the new medications. Throughout the late 1990s, Congressional support for the AIDS Drug Assistance Program was so strong on both sides of the aisle that appropriations exceeded presidential requests every year.

That has now changed. As the growing epidemic slams up against state austerity measures, ADAP has descended into crisis, and Republicans in Washington have refused to intervene. As of early October, more than 600 people with HIV have been denied access to medications through the program. Three states have tightened income eligibility requirements; five have restricted the list of drugs they cover, hampering competent treatment; thirteen have capped their programs, leaving the sick to languish on waiting lists. ADAP has served as the payer of last resort since 1987, providing HIV medicines for hundreds of thousands of people with HIV who lack insurance, or whose prescription benefits don't come close to matching the drugs' exorbitant price tag. Most ADAP users are the working poor, earning too much to qualify for Medicaid at jobs that don't provide health plans. Study after study has confirmed that the program saves public-health dollars by preventing expensive hospitalizations—and saves lives. But since February, two people have died while on the West Virginia waiting list, and five more just died on Kentucky's. There are no death tallies for those whose income puts them a few dollars above states' new restrictive income requirements.

Doctors, social workers and people with HIV describe a desperate scramble to gain access to lifesaving medications. In Alabama, the waiting list is 137, growing by nine or ten a week; to save additional dollars, the state just blocked coverage of the latest HIV drug, Fuzeon, a treatment used almost exclusively by those who have run dry of options. In Oregon, when the cash-strapped state temporarily eliminated some Medicaid prescription coverage, the ADAP waiting list ballooned; administrators responded by restricting covered drugs and instituting "cost sharing."

Margaret Nicholson, a Springfield, Oregon, homecare attendant who survives with her mother and husband on less than $20,000 a year, lost her ADAP coverage because she couldn't afford the new co-pays; she has now gone four months without seeing a doctor and is scraping by on pill samples. In North Carolina, HIV doctor Aimee Wilkin says some of her waiting-list patients, forced to seek medicines through drug company charity programs, have faced multiple treatment interruptions, the result of bureaucratic delays, exposing them to the risk of HIV drug resistance. In Kentucky, caseworkers are so desperate they're asking churches to pass the hat to sponsor someone's pills for a few weeks at a time.

Even after aggressively negotiating with drug companies to save ADAP $65 million with price breaks for next year, advocates with NASTAD, an association of state AIDS directors, calculate that it will take an ADAP increase of $214 million to cover the growing need next year—the amount requested by Senator Charles Schumer in a budget amendment rejected on a largely party-line vote (with one brave exception, Republican Mike DeWine). Other Republicans, even from states with bursting waiting lists, like Alabama, Colorado, Nebraska and North Carolina, voted no, apparently under intense pressure from George W. Bush and Bill Frist to stick to their domestic budget cap. The health and labor spending bill is currently in conference, where a minimal increase of $25 million to $38 million is under debate.

Such underfunding, combined with an aggressive new federal HIV testing initiative, could swell ADAP waiting lists into the tens of thousands in 2004, according to Bill Arnold of the ADAP Working Group. In his State of the Union address in January, Bush made AIDS a cornerstone of his "compassion" agenda, announcing a $15 billion emergency plan to confront the global epidemic. He spoke of a doctor in rural South Africa who said that hospital workers, lacking drugs, simply tell their AIDS patients to go home and die. "In an age of miraculous medicines," the President went on to say, "no person should have to hear those words."

Six hundred—and counting—have now heard those words here at home. "For the people on those wait lists," says Arnold, "it will be just like the 1980s, when there were no drugs, where you get pneumonia or a brain infection and within a couple of years you're gone."

ESTHER KAPLAN

Esther Kaplan, a radio and print journalist, is a contributing editor at Poz, *the national AIDS magazine.*

CALVIN TRILLIN

JUST SPECULATING

So Limbaugh has been hooked on pills,
While Bennett's hooked on slots.
Do all the right-wing morals police
Have copybooks with blots?

Does Falwell have a floozie, say,
Does Ashcroft, you suppose,
Get home from church and swiftly snort
Some white stuff up his nose?

Does Robertson crave demon rum?
Does Cheney make clerks promise
To hide the fact he's renting tapes
Last viewed by Clarence Thomas?

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COMMENT

A Healthy Debate

ELECTION MATTERS

Twelve years ago, Harris Wofford made healthcare an issue. Promising to fight for coverage for all, Wofford scored a surprise victory in a Pennsylvania Senate race—inspiring speculation that a President named Bush could be beaten in 1992. Wofford handed the issue to Bill Clinton, who won the election but lost the war by proposing a plan that offered more in the way of bureaucracy than a clean break with the existing for-profit system. Since the Clinton crackup, Democrats have struggled to reassert the healthcare issue. While the 2004 campaign has yet to experience a "Wofford moment," Dr. Norman Daniels of the Harvard School of Public Health says rising numbers of uninsured and underinsured should move healthcare to the fore as an issue. "The question," he says, "is whether the new crop of candidates will address it effectively."

Enter Representative Jim McDermott, a physician and the new president of Americans for Democratic Action, who has taken it on himself to sort through candidate proposals (www.adaction.org). As McDermott sees it, the plans of Howard Dean, John Edwards, John Kerry and Dick Gephardt "are all quite similar—they each combine modest expansions of public sector programs such as Medicaid and [children's health programs] with private sector initiatives to encourage employers to provide health insurance for their employees." While under each of these plans the government becomes an even greater purchaser of healthcare, McDermott says that "because most of the new expenditures are through the fragmented private insurance market, the government will continue to waste its considerable market power." He's still reviewing Lieberman's plan, which looks to resemble the others.

In contrast, McDermott notes, Representative Dennis Kucinich offers a single-payer national healthcare plan based on a bill by Representative John Conyers, of which McDermott is a co-sponsor. While he sees value in incremental reforms, McDermott says, "I continue to believe that a national health care plan, with a government-guaranteed revenue stream for providers, would be most effective in providing universal coverage and controlling costs while guaranteeing high quality care." A separate study of the candidate proposals, done by The Commonwealth Fund

In Fact . . .

IRAN'S HOPE

■ Ausma Khan and Nader Hashemi write: The award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Iranian human rights activist Shirin Ebadi sends a message both to the old guard within Muslim societies who resist democratic reform and to the neoconservatives in Washington who support forceful regime change in the Muslim world: The path to change is best led by indigenous activists committed to democracy, human rights and nonviolence. Ebadi advocates a new interpretation of Islamic law exemplified by all citizens' equality before the law, religious freedom and freedom of speech. She has fought tirelessly, at great personal risk, for children's, women's and prisoners' rights. She represented the families of intellectuals and writers murdered in 1998–99 and worked to expose those responsible for the death of student activists in 1999. By drawing international attention to the movement for human rights and democracy in Iran, Ebadi's award will make it harder for the clerical establishment to repress that struggle—and harder for the Bush Administration to ignore Iranians' efforts to achieve regime change on their own.

THE RON RIDENHOUR AWARDS

■ With the tightly closed, repressive Administration now in power America has never so badly needed those brave, public-spirited truth-tellers popularly known as whistleblowers. As Anna Quindlen wrote in *Newsweek*, "Whistle-blowers have become the new heroes…a bridge between power and humanity." During the Vietnam War, Ron Ridenhour, a former soldier, revealed firsthand the truth about the My Lai massacre and in so doing, helped turn public opinion against a war that was rotting the nation's moral fiber. He went on to a career as an independent investigative reporter, until his too-early death in 1998 at the age of 52. In his memory and to encourage more people to follow his example, the Fertel Foundation and the Nation Institute established the Ron Ridenhour Awards to honor current and future whistleblowers and truth-tellers. The first set of three awards were presented October 15 in Washington. The Prize for Truth-Telling went to former Ambassador Joseph Wilson, who blew the whistle on the Administration's false claim that Iraq was buying uranium from Niger. As he wrote in the *New York Times*, "America's foreign policy depends on the sanctity of its information." The Book Prize went to Deborah Scroggins for *Emma's War: An Aid Worker, a Warlord, Radical Islam, and the Politics of Oil* (Pantheon). Her book was cited for helping readers understand the global issues reflected in the civil war in Sudan through the story of a British aid worker who married a warlord. The Courage Award, which recognizes an individual for a lifelong, courageous commitment to the public interest and social justice, was given to Daniel Ellsberg, whose release of the Pentagon Papers exposed the march of folly that led to the Vietnam War and the narrow policies of secrecy that kept this information out of the hands of the people. These lessons seem particularly important today. The Ridenhour Awards carry a prize of $10,000 each.

SOVIET TEXAS

■ Matt Bivens's Outrage of the Week: The extreme rage-filled Republicans have finally won in Texas. It meant turning their state into a joke—though they got a lot of cover from fellow national joke, California—and pulling law officers off counter-terrorism to "look for Democrats" and, when that failed, threatening to hire bounty hunters to kidnap Democrats. But no doubt it was all worth it, because they've finally succeeded in legislating Democrats out of existence. At least until the courts weigh in.

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Comune di Castelnuovo Berardenga

Castelnuovo Berardenga: an enchanting Chianti village and a laboratory for sustainable living. Share this experience with us!

Castelnuovo Berardenga is a Tuscan medieval village of 8,000 inhabitants, one hour from Florence and 10 minutes from Siena, located in the amazing natural surroundings of Chianti and "Crete Senesi", the typical southern Siena landscape. This territory, made of spread-out little villages, farmhouses and castles, famous worldwide for wine and olive oil, harmoniously combines environment, history, more than three thousand year-old traditions and culture. Castelnuovo Berardenga, proud of its heritage, has decided to go beyond choosing a sustainable development. In 1999, as an initiative of the Major Simone Brogi and Environment Councillor Gianni Porcellotti, **Castelnuovo Berardenga joined Agenda 21, the UN Action Plan for citizens participation and sustainable development**.

Among the highlights:

- architectural, historical and natural-heritage protection (i.e., ancient house restorations strictly respectful of history and municipal rules);
- safeguarding of landscape, ancient roads and forests;
- citizen involvement in territory planning decisions;
- school teaching focused on environmental awareness and healthy food education (i.e., olive trees grown in public fields are used to produce "a town hall Berardenga Oil" served in school refectories);
- "Recycle by bicycle", a waste-management project to keep country roads clean with the participation of local volunteer citizens, using special three-wheel bikes;
- Monte Paschi Siena, the oldest European bank, founded twenty years before America's discovery, will open the first bio-sustainable branch here.

Castelnuovo also *joined* **Hydrogen Cities Manifesto**, signed in September 2003 in Orvieto as a commitment to prepare a hydrogen economy based on renewable energy sources, following the recent Jeremy Rifkin research. Castelnuovo Berardenga is actually planning public transport links to the countryside to reduce car pollution and promote the most sustainable transportation.

This important goal has been reached thanks to the **Slow Cities International Network** engaged to endorse less-frantic, more human-centered and environmentally fair living.

The **Slow Food philosophy**, born to rediscover typical local products, gave birth to the Slow Cities Network which Castelnuovo Berardenga joined: life deserves to be savored not hurried through.

Slow Food Association, in this area, protects olive oil, pecorino cheese, cinta senese, a particular pork meat, salami and many other delicacies.

In Castelnuovo Berardenga, restaurants and farmhouses serve meals prepared with local authentic products. Moreover, Slow Food and Castelnuovo Berardenga organize cooking schools and courses to appreciate the true taste of food.

Castelnuovo has refitted the magnificent nineteenth-century Villa Chigi and its botanical park (see photo below). Part of the building has been dedicated to courses and has recently become an international center for multidisciplinary studying about environmental issues. Villa Chigi is available for conventions, meetings and seminars.

- **Come to** Castelnuovo and relax. Stay in our hotels and country farmhouses, enjoy our food and "slow style" life. Learn to cook and to appreciate good food.
- **Choose** Castelnuovo Villa Chigi for your overseas seminars, conventions and cultural courses; check with our Villa Chigi facilities.
- **Come here** with your friends, colleagues and students. Share the sustainable development experience with us.
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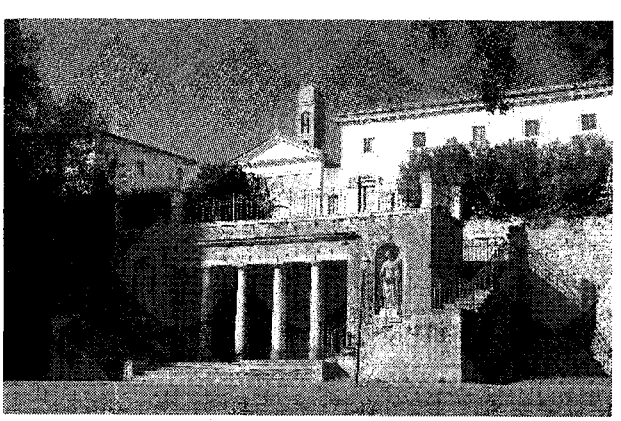

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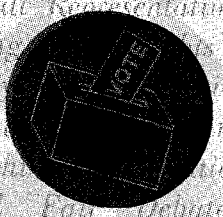

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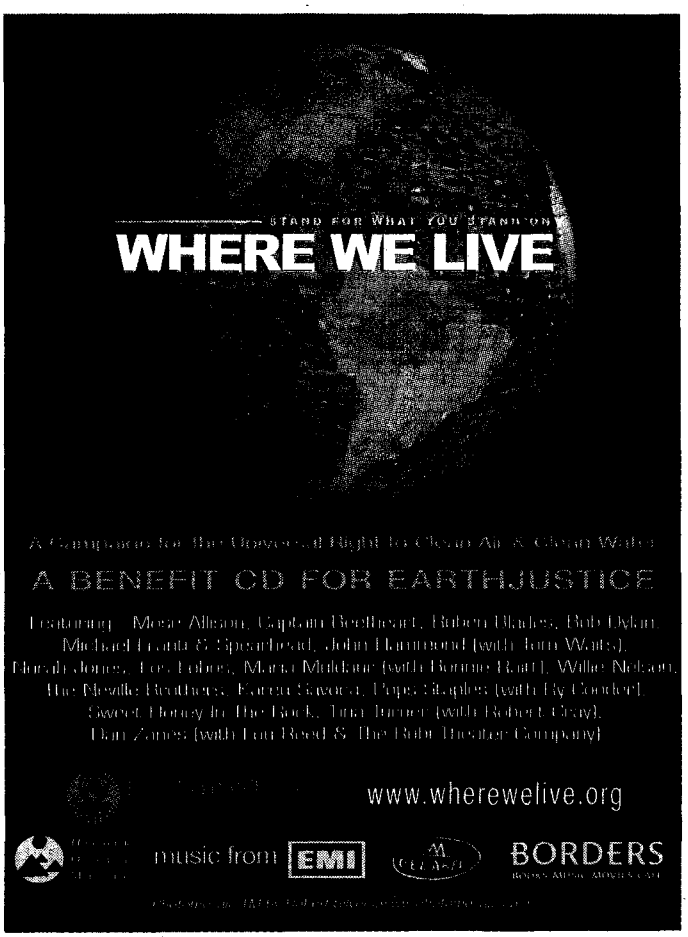

COMMENT

(www.cmwf.org), says Kucinich's plan would cover all Americans, while those of Lieberman, Dean, Gephardt, Kerry and Edwards would leave 9 million to 19 million uninsured. Single-payer backers Al Sharpton and Carol Moseley Braun have not offered details; Gen. Wesley Clark has yet to make his views clear.

While McDermott's analysis will please Kucinich backers, his candidate choice won't. The Congressman just endorsed Dean. Two reasons, he says. First, "as governor of Vermont, Dean implemented reforms. He got people covered. One of the problems the Clintons had is that they were starting without ever having done it. For them, it was theoretical. Experience helps you avoid big mistakes." Second, "Electability. Dean isn't my perfect candidate, but I think he can beat Bush. Beating Bush is the first step toward healthcare reform." JOHN NICHOLS

Identity Thieves

The Federal Trade Commission has acknowledged that the epidemic of identity theft claimed almost 10 million victims last year. But on the same day it released the data, September 3, the agency attacked a new California privacy law that would cure the problem by limiting the corporate trade in our private information.

For the Bush Administration, individual hackers and criminals are responsible for identity theft, not the financial institutions that trade our private information like stocks and bonds, putting it at risk of being stolen. That's like blaming the drug trade on the street dealers, not the drug cartels. Corporations that refuse to protect our private information are as responsible for identity theft as those who commit the crime. George W. Bush's reasoning is probably clouded by the campaign cash he received from the financial services industry. In this election cycle, through June 30, that includes $2.1 million from securities and investment firms, $582,250 from commercial banks, $562,292 from the insurance industry and another $967,100 from other finance companies.

The explosion of identity theft corresponds to the Congressional felling, in the late 1990s, of Depression-era walls between banks, insurers and brokerages. This allowed companies to affiliate across industry lines and share private customer information with their affiliates to increase their commercial opportunities. Citigroup, for example, has 1,700 subsidiaries and, under current federal law, this corporate family cannot be stopped from trading in our private information, even when a consumer explicitly says no. Each of Citigroup's subsidiaries can then sell our private information to other unaffiliated companies, and so on. That's how I was able to buy, on the Internet, the Social Security numbers and home addresses of Director of Central Intelligence George Tenet, Attorney General John Ashcroft and FTC chairman Timothy Muris for as little as $26.

The California privacy measure signed by Governor Gray Davis August 27 allows consumers to say no to the trading of their private information among affiliates in different businesses. For example, Citibank could not share your private financial information with its insurance or real estate affiliates. The Bush Adminis-

(Continued on Page 22)

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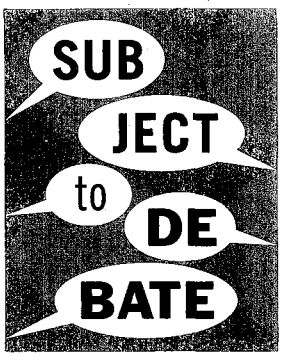
KATHA POLLITT

Is the Pope Crazy?



There are many things to be said against condoms, and most people reading this have probably said them all. But at least they work. Not perfectly—they slip, they break, they require more forethought and finesse and cooperation and trust than is easy to bring to sex every single time, and, a major drawback in this fallen world, they place women's safety in the hands of men. But for birth control they are a whole lot better than the rhythm method or prayer or nothing, and for protection from sexually transmitted diseases they are all we have. This is not exactly a controversial statement; people have been using condoms as a barrier against disease as long as rubber has been around (indeed, before—as readers of James Boswell's journals know). You could ask a thousand doctors—ten thousand doctors—before you'd find one who said, Condoms? Don't bother.

But what do doctors know? Or the Centers for Disease Control, or the World Health Organization, or the American Foundation for AIDS Research (Amfar)? These days, the experts on condoms are politicians, preachers and priests, and the word from above is: Condoms don't work. That is what students are being taught in the abstinence-only sex ed favored by the religious right and funded by the Bush Administration—$117 million of your annual tax dollars at work. The theory is that even mentioning condoms, much less admitting that they dramatically reduce the chances of pregnancy or HIV infection, sends a "mixed message" about the value of total abstinence until marriage. How absurd—it's like saying that seat belts send a mixed message about the speed limit or vitamin pills send a mixed message about vegetables. Anti-condom propaganda can backfire, too: True, some kids may be scared away from sex although probably not until marriage; others, though, hear only a reason to throw caution to the winds. According to a 2002 Human Rights Watch report on abstinence-only sex ed in Texas, a condoms-don't-work ad campaign led sexually active teens to have unprotected sex: "My boyfriend says they don't work. He heard it on the radio." Why is the Bush Administration giving horny teenage boys an excuse to be sexually selfish? You might as well have high school teachers telling them using a condom during sex is like taking a shower in a raincoat.

Now it seems the Vatican is joining fundamentalist Protestants to spread the word against condoms around the globe. "To talk of condoms as 'safe sex' is a form of Russian roulette," said Alfonso Lopez Trujillo, head of the Vatican's office on the family. On the BBC *Panorama* program "Sex and the Holy City," Lopez Trujillo explained, "The AIDS virus is roughly 450 times smaller than the spermatozoon. The spermatozoon can easily pass through the 'net' that is formed by the condom." That latex has holes or pores through which HIV (or sperm) can pass is a total canard. A National Institutes of Health panel that included anti-condom advocates examined the effectiveness of condoms from just about every perspective, including strength and porosity; according to its report, released in July 2001, latex condoms are impermeable to even the smallest pathogen. Among STDs, HIV is actually the one condoms work best against. "We're all a bit stunned by Lopez Trujillo's lack of respect for scientific consensus," Dr. Judith Auerbach of Amfar, who sat on the NIH panel, told me. "Where do his numbers come from?" Is Lopez Trujillo, who even suggests putting warnings on condoms like those on cigarettes, a loose cannon such as can be found in even the best regulated bureaucracies? According to "Sex and the Holy City," in Africa, where HIV infects millions—20 percent in Kenya, 40 percent in Botswana, 34 percent in Zimbabwe—Catholic clergy, who oppose condoms as they do all contraception, are actively promoting the myth that condoms don't prevent transmission of the virus and may even spread it. The *Guardian* quotes the archbishop of Nairobi, Raphael Ndingi Nzeki, as saying: "AIDS...has grown so fast because of the availability of condoms." Thus is a decade of painstaking work to mainstream and normalize condom use undone by the conscious promotion of an urban legend.

When the Nobel Prize for Peace was awarded to Shirin Ebadi, the first ever to a Muslim woman, an Iranian and a crusader for women's rights, not everyone was thrilled. What about Pope John Paul II, now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election, and possibly near death? "This...was his year," wrote David Brooks in his *New York Times* column, a hymn of praise for the Pope as the defender of "the whole and the indivisible dignity of each person." A few pages over, Peter Steinfels said much the same in his religion column: "Is there any other leader who has so reshaped the political world for the better and done it peacefully?" More knowledgeable people than I can debate how much credit the Pope should get for the fall of Communism—I always thought it was Ronald Reagan with an unintentional assist from Gorbachev plus the internal collapse of the system itself. With the crucial exception of Poland, the countries in the old Soviet bloc aren't even Roman Catholic, or are so only partially. Whatever his contribution to that historic set of events, though, the Pope is on the wrong side of history now. Women's equality, sexual rights for all, the struggle of the individual against authoritarian religion and of course the global AIDS epidemic—the Pope has been a disaster on all these crucial issues of our new century. It's all very well for David Brooks to mock those who critique the Pope for his "unfashionable views on abortion," as if 78,000 women a year dying in illegal procedures around the world was just something to chat about over brie and chablis. But add it up: a priesthood as male as the Kuwaiti electorate—even altar girls may be banned soon, according to one recent news story—no divorce, no abortion, no contraception, no condom use even within a faithful marriage to prevent a deadly infection.

It's bad enough to argue that condoms are against God's will while millions die. But to maintain, falsely, that they are ineffective in order to discourage their use is truly immoral. If not insane. ■

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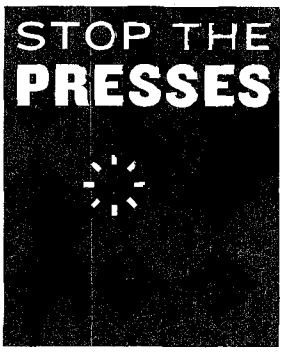
ERIC ALTERMAN

Abrams and Novak and Rove? Oh My!



Even though the Joseph Wilson affair has convulsed the capital for many weeks, much of what makes it important is still ignored. Part of the reason is the insider establishment's deep-seated unwillingness to face up to the Nixonian depths of this Administration's moral depravity. A President, Vice President and Cabinet willing to deceive an entire nation for the purpose of war are not going to think twice before destroying the career of a loyal CIA agent in an attempt to smear her husband. Nor is a group so radical that it casts the CIA as the enemy in its plans for world domination likely to worry about the body count of innocent victims on its revolutionary path to neoconservative nirvana. The media treat this case as an aberration. It's the rule.

But another part of the reason this case is so hard to explain in terms that account for why it has taken off is that it involves a shady aspect of the media/government nexus that everyone involved would prefer to leave unexamined. Reporters almost never focus on the sources of their information—even when the leak itself is the most significant part of the story.

The idea that "leaking is wrong" is something that politicians always say but only children believe. Was it wrong for Daniel Ellsberg to leak the Pentagon Papers? Are whistleblowers evil? Didn't even John Kennedy tell *New York Times* and *New Republic* editors that in retrospect, he wished they had refused his request to keep plans for the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion from their readers?

No less naïve is the notion that Presidents and their advisers abhor leaking. What they abhor are leaks they can't control. But they leak all the time as a matter of policy—and here is the key point—even in the most sensitive matters of national security and with the use of classified data. If this surprises you, then you haven't been paying attention. In his most recent book, *Bush at War*, Bob Woodward brags that he was given access to the deeply classified minutes of National Security Council meetings. He also noted, not long ago, that the President sat for lengthy interviews, often speaking candidly about classified information. This surprised even Woodward, who observed, "Certainly Richard Nixon would not have allowed reporters to question him like that. Bush's father wouldn't allow it. Clinton wouldn't allow it." But George W. Bush does it—breaking the law in the process—and nobody seems to care. Why? Because Woodward plays ball—he reports Bush & Co.'s actions in the same heroic, comic-book cadences they use themselves. Moreover, he doesn't bother weighing any competing claims or seeking to determine whether anything he is spoon-fed might actually be true.

The second great fiction of this story is the notion that Robert Novak is a "journalist." Nobody else published this story, because all six of the other reporters given the leak weighed the perceived motives of the leaker and the likely cost of publication to the country and to Plame and Wilson against the value of this hand-delivered scoop. The only person to take the bait was Novak—who published it in the *Washington Post* unedited, because its editorial page apparently sends his copy to the printer without reading it first. In publishing what one "senior administration official" describes as a leak "meant purely and simply for revenge," Novak even refused a request from the CIA not to reveal Plame's identity.

Novak may have acted unpatriotically but not inconsistently. He has never made any bones about the fact that he is an ideological warrior first and a journalist second, if at all. To offer one small but revealing example from a previous decade that appears to have new relevance today, let's go back to October 5, 1986, when Sandinista soldiers shot down a C-123K cargo plane ferrying weapons to the *contras* in southern Nicaragua. Of the four-man crew, the two American pilots were killed, but its cargo kicker, Eugene Hasenfus, also an American, survived and was captured. He revealed to the world that his entire effort had been controlled by the CIA and sanctioned by the US government, sending both into a massive panic.

The *contras*' man in the State Department, Elliott Abrams, took to the airwaves on the *Evans & Novak* program on CNN. Asked whether he could offer "categorical assurance" that Hasenfus was not connected with the government, Abrams smirked, "Absolutely, that would be illegal.... This was not in any sense a US government operation. None." This performance was a part of Abrams's plea-bargained conviction for withholding information from Congress by Iran/*contra* special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh.

I interviewed Novak not long after this for a too-kind profile I was writing and asked how he felt about being a pawn in Abrams's deception. His answer: He "admired" Abrams for lying to him on national television because the lie was told in the service of fighting Communism. "He had a tough job and there were lots of people out to get him," Novak averred, expressing zero regrets about misinforming his viewers. "Truth" did not even appear to enter into his calculations. There was his side and there were the other guys, period. That the *Post* and CNN willingly lend space to the man, knowing what they do, is another of the ongoing scandals involving journalistic standards and conservative ideological domination of the elite media.

Finally, regarding the identity of the leakers—well, yes, Karl Rove is obviously a top suspect, given both his power and modus operandi. Ditto Dick Cheney's Rasputin, I. Lewis Libby. But what about Elliott Abrams? A convicted liar and longtime ally of Novak whiling away his time inside the National Security Council, he has played a much larger role in these war plans—and the battles that have accompanied them—than so far has been recognized by the media. Abrams has quite legalistically denied any role in "leaking classified information," according to White House press secretary Scott McClellan. But the last time Abrams pretended ignorance, he was lying. When caught, he found himself celebrated by Novak, pardoned by Bush's daddy and given a spanking new career by Bush himself. I think he knows the drill by now. ■

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ARTICLES

Sometime around my fortieth birthday I began an earnest study of agriculture. I worked quietly on this project, speaking of my new interest to almost no one because of what they might think. Specifically, they might think I was out of my mind.

Why? Because at this moment in history it's considered smart to get out of agriculture. And because I was already embarked on a career as a writer, doing work that many people might consider intellectual and therefore superior to anything involving the risk of dirty fingernails. Also, as a woman in my early 40s, I conformed to no right-minded picture of an apprentice farmer. And finally, with some chagrin I'll admit that I grew up among farmers and spent the first decades of my life plotting my escape from a place that seemed to offer me almost no potential for economic, intellectual or spiritual satisfaction.

It took nigh onto half a lifetime before the valuables I'd casually left behind turned up in the lost and found.

The truth, though, is that I'd kept some of that treasure jingling in my pockets all along: I'd maintained an interest in gardening, always, dragging it with me wherever I went, even into a city backyard where a neighbor who worked the night shift insisted that her numerous nocturnal cats had every right to use my raised vegetable beds for their litter box. (I retaliated, in my way, by getting a rooster, who indulged his right to use the hour of 6 AM for his personal compunctions.) In graduate school I studied ecology and evolutionary biology, but the complex mathematical models of predator-prey cycles only made sense to me when I converted them in my mind to farmstead analogies—even though, in those days, the ecology department and the college of agriculture weren't on speaking terms. In my 20s, when I was trying hard to reinvent myself as a person without a Kentucky accent, I often found myself nevertheless the lone argumentative voice in social circles where "farmers" were lumped with political troglodytes and devotees of all-star wrestling.

Once in the early 1980s, when cigarette smoking had newly and drastically fallen from fashion, I stood in someone's kitchen at a party and listened to something like a Greek chorus chanting out the reasons why tobacco should be eliminated from the face of the earth, like smallpox. Some wild tug on my heart made me blurt out, "But what about the tobacco farmers?"

"Why," someone asked, glaring, "should I care about tobacco farmers?"

I was dumbstruck. I couldn't form the words to answer: Yes, it is carcinogenic, and generally grown with too many inputs, but tobacco is the last big commodity in America that's still mostly grown on family farms, in an economy that won't let these farmers shift to another crop. If it goes extinct, so do they.

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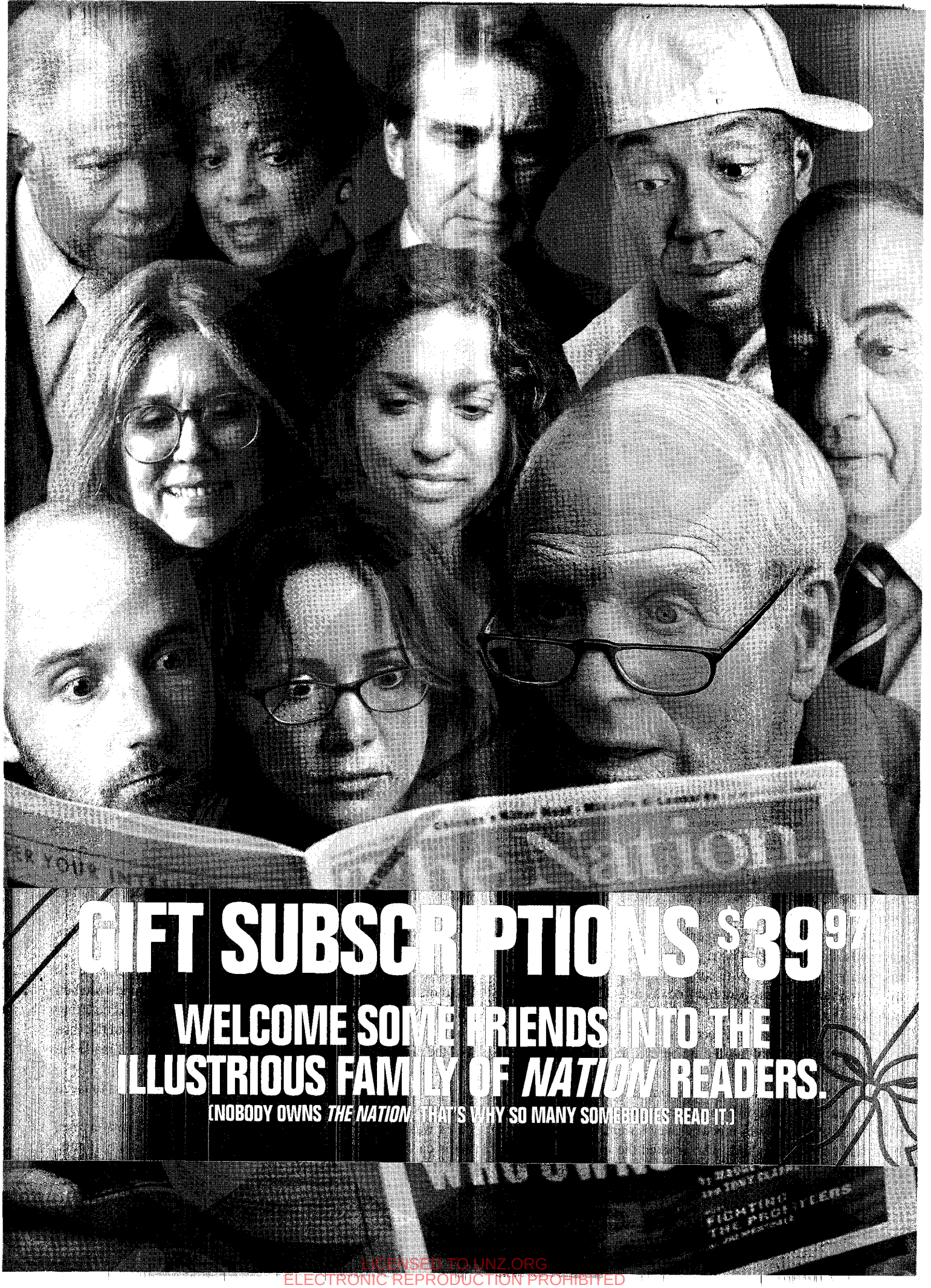
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I couldn't speak because my mind was flooded with memory, pictures, scents, secret thrills. Childhood afternoons spent reading Louisa May Alcott in a barn loft suffused with the sweet scent of aged burley. The bright, warm days in late spring and early fall when school was functionally closed because whole extended families were drafted to the cooperative work of setting, cutting, stripping or hanging tobacco. The incalculable fellowship measured out in funerals, family reunions, even bad storms or late-night calvings. The hard-muscled pride of showing I could finally throw a bale of hay onto the truckbed myself. (The year before, when I was 11, I'd had the less honorable job of driving the truck.) The satisfaction of walking across the stage at high school graduation in a county where my name and my relationship to the land were both common knowledge.

But when pressed, that evening in the kitchen, I didn't try to defend the poor tobacco farmer. As if the deck were not already stacked against his little family enterprise, he was now tarred with the brush of evil along with the companies that bought his product, amplified its toxicity and attempted to sell it to children. In most cases it's just the more ordinary difficulty of the small family enterprise failing to measure up to the requisite standards of profitability and efficiency. And in every case, the rational arguments I might frame in its favor will carry no weight without the attendant silk purse full of memories and sighs and songs of what family farming is worth. Those values are an old currency now, accepted as legal tender almost nowhere.

I found myself that day in the jaws of an impossible argument, and I find I am there still. In my professional life I've learned that as long as I write novels and nonfiction books about strictly human conventions and constructions, I'm taken seriously. But when my writing strays into that muddy territory where humans are forced to own up to our dependency on the land, I'm apt to be declared quaintly irrelevant by the small, acutely urban clique that decides in this country what will be called worthy literature. (That clique does not, fortunately, hold much sway over what people actually read.) I understand their purview, I think. I realize I'm beholden to people working in urban centers for many things I love: They publish books, invent theater, produce films and music. But if I had not been raised such a polite Southern girl, I'd offer these critics a blunt proposition: I'll go a week without attending a movie or concert, you go a week without eating food, and at the end of it we'll sit down together and renegotiate "quaintly irrelevant."

This is a conversation that needs to happen. Increasingly I feel sure of it; I just don't know how to go about it when so many have completely forgotten the genuine terms of human survival. Many adults, I'm convinced, believe that food comes from grocery stores. In Wendell Berry's novel *Jayber Crow*, a farmer coming to the failing end of his long economic struggle despaired aloud, "I've wished sometimes that the sons of bitches would starve. And now I'm getting afraid they actually will."

I'm tired of the presumption of a nation divided between rural and urban populations whose interests are permanently at odds.

Like that farmer, I am frustrated with the imposed acrimony between producers and consumers of food, as if this were a conflict in which one could possibly choose sides. I'm tired of the presumption of a nation divided between rural and urban populations whose interests are permanently at odds, whose votes will always be cast different ways, whose hearts and minds share no common ground. This is as wrong as blight, a useless way of thinking, similar to the propaganda warning us that any environmentalist program will necessarily be antihuman. Recently a national magazine asked me to write a commentary on the great divide between "the red and the blue"—imagery taken from election-night coverage that colored a map according to the party each state elected, suggesting a clear political difference between the rural heartland and urban coasts. Sorry, I replied to the magazine editors, but I'm the wrong person to ask: I live in red, tend to think blue and mostly vote green. If you're looking for oversimplification, skip the likes of me.

Better yet, skip the whole idea. Recall that in many of those red states, just a razor's edge under half the voters likely pulled the blue lever, and vice versa—not to mention the greater numbers everywhere who didn't even show up at the polls, so far did they feel from affectionate toward any of the available options. Recall that farmers and hunters, historically, are more active environmentalists than many progressive, city-dwelling vegetarians. (And conversely, that some of the strongest land-conservation movements on the planet were born in the midst of cities.) Recall that we all have the same requirements for oxygen and drinking water, and that we all like them clean but relentlessly pollute them. Recall that whatever lofty things you might accomplish today, you will do them only because you first ate something that grew out of dirt.

We don't much care to think of ourselves that way—as creatures whose cleanest aspirations depend ultimately on the health of our dirt. But our survival as a species depends on our coming to grips with that, along with some other corollary notions, and when I entered a comfortable midlife I began to see that my kids would get to do the same someday, or not, depending on how well our species could start owning up to its habitat and its food chain. As we faced one environmental crisis after another, did our species seem to be making this connection? As we say back home, Not so's you'd notice.

If a middle-aged woman studying agriculture seems strange, try this on for bizarre: Most of our populace and all our leaders are participating in a mass hallucinatory fantasy in which the megatons of waste we dump in our rivers and bays are not poisoning the water, the hydrocarbons we pump into the air are not changing the climate, overfishing is not depleting the oceans, fossil fuels will never run out, wars that kill masses of civilians are an appropriate way to keep our hands on what's left, we are not desperately overdrawn at the envi-

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Barbara Kingsolver wrote the foreword to The Essential Agrarian Reader: The Future of Culture, Community, and the Land *(edited by Norman Wirzba and just published by the University of Kentucky Press), from which this is adapted. Her eleven published books include* The Poisonwood Bible *(HarperCollins) and, most recently,* Last Stand: America's Virgin Lands *(National Geographic Society).*

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ronmental bank and, really, the kids are all right.

OK, if nobody else wanted to talk about this, I could think about it myself and try to pay for my part of the damage, or at least start to tally up the bill. This requires a good deal of humility and a ruthless eye toward an average household's confusion between need and want. I reckoned I might get somewhere if I organized my life in a way that brought me face to face with what I am made of. The values I longed to give my children—honesty, cooperativeness, thrift, mental curiosity, physical competence—were intrinsic to my agrarian childhood, where the community organized itself around a sustained effort of meeting people's needs. These values, I knew, would not flow naturally from an aggressive consumer culture devoted to the sustained effort of inventing and engorging people's wants. And I could not, as any parent knows, prohibit one thing without offering others. So we would start with the simple and obvious: eschewing fast food for slow food, with the resulting time spent together in the garden and kitchen regarded as a plus, not a minus. We would skip TV in favor of interesting family work. We would participate as much as possible in the production of things our family consumes and the disposal of the things we no longer need. It's too easy to ignore damage you don't see and to undervalue things you haven't made yourself. Starting with food.

Meal preparations at our house, then, would not begin with products, like chicken tenders and frozen juice concentrate, but with whole things, like a chicken or an apple. A chicken or apple, what's more, with a background we could check up on. Our younger daughter was only a toddler when we first undertook this enterprise, but she seemed to grasp the idea. On a family trip once when we ate in a Chinese restaurant, she asked skeptically, "What was this duck's last name?"

What began as a kind of exercise soon turned into a kind of life, which we liked surprisingly well. It's enough to turn your stomach, anyway, to add up the fuel, money and gunk that can go into food that isn't even about food. Our gustatory industries treat food items like spoiled little celebrities, zipping them around the globe in luxurious air-conditioned cabins, dressing them up in gaudy outfits, spritzing them with makeup and breaking the bank on advertising, for heaven's sake. My farm-girl heritage makes me blush and turn down tickets to that particular circus. I'd rather wed my fortunes to the sturdy gal-next-door kind of food, growing what I need or getting it from local "you pick" orchards and our farmers' market.

In making the effort to get acquainted with my food chain, I found country lanes and kind people and assets I had not known existed in my community. To my amazement, I found a Community Shared Agriculture grower sequestered at the end of a dirt road within walking distance of my house, and he helped me fix an irrigation problem that had stumped me for months. I found others who would help me introduce a gardening program into my children's elementary school. I befriended the lone dairyman in my county who refuses to give hormones to his cows, not because he's paid more for the milk he sells to the cooperative (he isn't) but because he won't countenance treating his animals that way. I learned about heritage breeds, and that one of the rarest and tastiest of all turkeys, the Bourbon Red, was first bred a stone's throw from my hometown in Kentucky. I've come to know this bird inside and out, and intend to have my own breeding flock of them. I've become part of a loose-knit collective of poultrywomen who share tools and recipes and, at the end of the day, know how to make a real party out of harvest time. All in the house that good food built.

There is more to the story. It has come to pass that my husband and I, in what we hope is the middle of our lives, are in possession of a farm. It's not a hobby homestead, it is a farm, somewhat derelict but with good potential. It came to us with some twenty acres of good, tillable bottomland, plus timbered slopes and all the pasture we can ever use, if we're willing to claim it back from the brambles. A similar arrangement is available with the seventy-five-year-old apple orchard. The rest of the inventory includes a hundred-year-old clapboard house, a fine old barn that smells of aged burley, a granary, poultry coops, a root cellar and a century's store of family legends. No poisons have been applied to this land for years and, we vow, none ever will be.

Some other wife might wish for diamond earrings, but my sweetheart knew I wanted Basic Butchering.

I've never loved any earthly thing so much. It seems to my husband and me that this farm is something we need to work hard to deserve. As a former tobacco farm, it had a past without a future. But now that its future is in our hands, we recognize that it ought to feed people—more than just our family and those who come to our table. Precisely because of tobacco's changing fortunes, we're now situated in a community of farmers who are moving with courage and good cheer into the production of a regionally distributed line of organic produce. This economic project may be small in the eyes of global capitalism, but it concerns us greatly, for its success or failure will be felt large in our schools, churches and neighborhood businesses, not to mention our soil and streams, as these farmers make choices and, I hope, remain among us on their land. My family hopes to contribute to the endeavor as best we can, as producers as well as consumers, though with regard to the former we acknowledge our novice status. For several years now we've received from each other as gifts, on nearly all occasions, such books as are written by Gene Logsdon, Michael Phillips, Elliot Coleman, Carol Ekarius, Vandana Shiva, Wendell Berry. Some other wife might wish for diamond earrings, but my sweetheart knew I wanted *Basic Butchering*.

Our agrarian education has come in as a slow undercurrent beneath our workaday lives and the rearing of our children. Only our closest friends, probably, have taken real notice of the changes in our household: that nearly all the food we put on our table, in every season, was grown in our garden or very nearby. That the animals we eat took no more from the land than they gave back to it, and led sunlit, contentedly grassy lives. Our children know how to bake bread, stretch mozzarella cheese, ride a horse, keep a flock of hens laying, help a neighbor, pack a healthy lunch and politely decline the world's less wholesome offerings. They know the first fresh garden tomato tastes as good as it does partly because you've waited for it since last Thanksgiving, and that the awful

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CAN $50 MILLION OF NRA MONEY BUY IMMUNITY FOR A RECKLESS GUN DEALER?

IF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION GETS ITS WAY, THE GUN DEALER WHO ARMED THE D.C. SNIPERS AND SOLD GUNS TRACED TO 52 OTHER CRIMES WILL BE TOTALLY IMMUNE FROM THEIR VICTIMS' LAWSUITS.

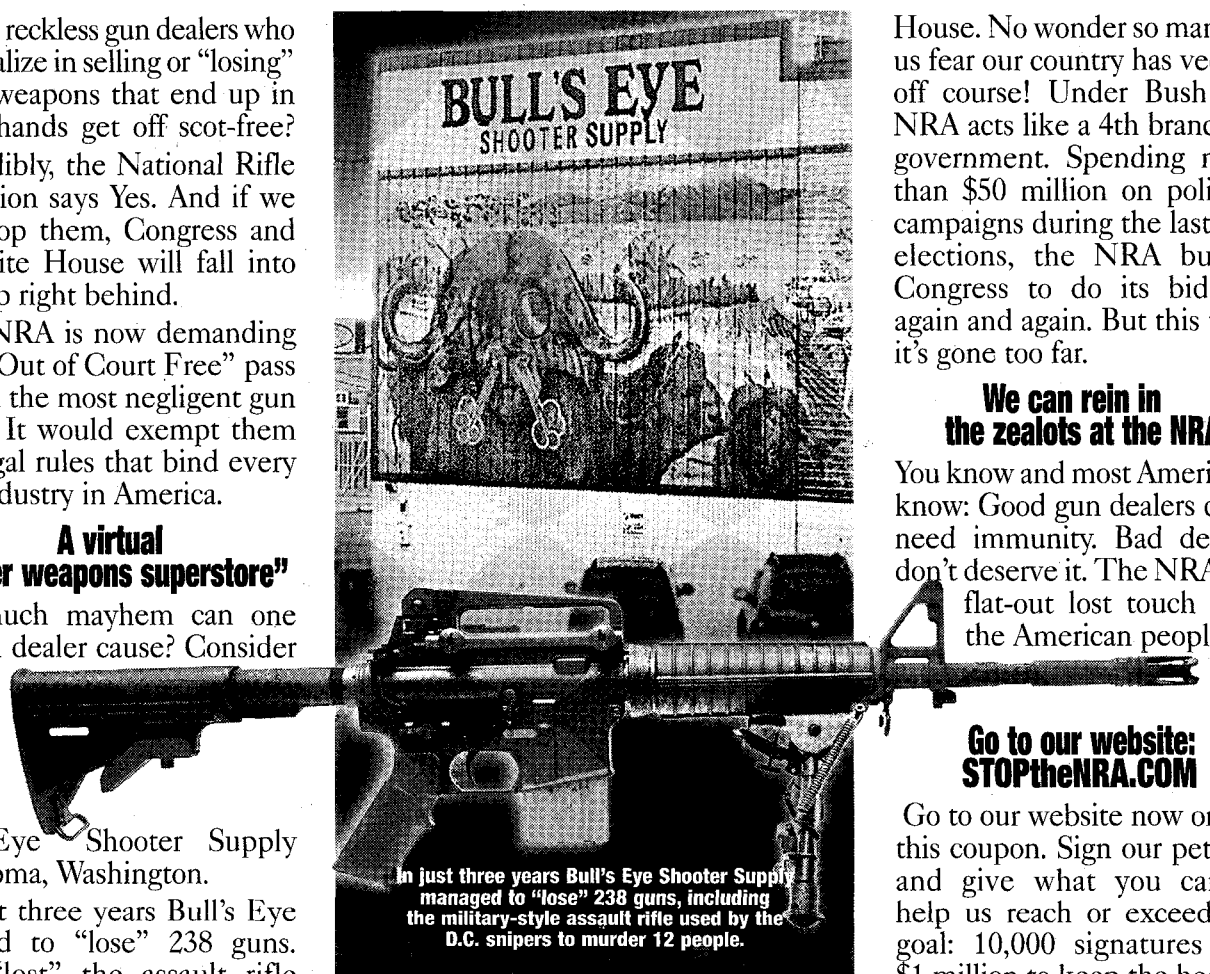
Should reckless gun dealers who specialize in selling or "losing" deadly weapons that end up in killers' hands get off scot-free?

Incredibly, the National Rifle Association says Yes. And if we don't stop them, Congress and the White House will fall into lock step right behind.

The NRA is now demanding a "Stay Out of Court Free" pass for even the most negligent gun dealers. It would exempt them from legal rules that bind every other industry in America.

A virtual "murder weapons superstore"

How much mayhem can one bad gun dealer cause? Consider Bull's Eye Shooter Supply of Tacoma, Washington.



In just three years Bull's Eye Shooter Supply managed to "lose" 238 guns, including the military-style assault rifle used by the D.C. snipers to murder 12 people.

In just three years Bull's Eye managed to "lose" 238 guns. They "lost" the assault rifle used by the D.C. snipers to murder twelve people. Guns sold by Bull's Eye have been tied to 52 other crimes including homicides and kidnappings.

1% of dealers supply 57% of crime guns.

Bull's Eye is one of the tiny minority of gun dealers who sell most of the guns traced to crime. These dealers are almost never prosecuted. Lawsuits may be the only effective constraint on their actions.

Polls show more than 2 out of 3 Americans want dealers like Bull's Eye hauled into court. But the NRA doesn't care what the public thinks—only about achieving its extremist goals.

A special interest out of control

From the day George W. Bush took power, the NRA has bragged about having its own office in the White House. No wonder so many of us fear our country has veered off course! Under Bush the NRA acts like a 4th branch of government. Spending more than $50 million on political campaigns during the last two elections, the NRA bullies Congress to do its bidding again and again. But this time it's gone too far.

We can rein in the zealots at the NRA.

You know and most Americans know: Good gun dealers don't need immunity. Bad dealers don't deserve it. The NRA has flat-out lost touch with the American people.

Go to our website: STOPtheNRA.COM

Go to our website now or clip this coupon. Sign our petition and give what you can to help us reach or exceed our goal: 10,000 signatures and $1 million to keep the heat on Congress and beat back this latest NRA attack.

Brady Campaign to Prevent Gun Violence united with the Million Mom March
1225 Eye Street, NW, Suite 1100, Washington, D.C. 20005

Yes, I want to help stop the NRA from shielding gun dealers who arm criminals!

Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

Name_____

E-mail_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Contributions are not tax-deductible for charitable or business purposes. NAT1103

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ones you could have bought at the grocery in between would only subtract from this equation. This rule applies to many things beyond tomatoes. I have noticed that the very politicians who support purely market-driven economics, which favors immediate corporate gratification over long-term responsibility, also express loud concern about the morals of our nation's children and their poor capacity for self-restraint. I wonder what kind of tomatoes those men feed their kids.

I have heard people of this same political ilk declare that it is perhaps sad but surely inevitable that our farms are being cut up and sold to make nice-sized lawns for suburban folks to mow, because the most immediately profitable land use must prevail in a free country. And yet I have visited countries where people are perfectly free, such as the Netherlands, where this sort of disregard for farmland is both illegal and unthinkable. Plenty of people in this country, too, seem to share a respect for land that gives us food; why else did so many friends of my youth continue farming even while the economic prospects grew doubtful? And why is it that more of them each year are following sustainable practices that defer some immediate profits in favor of the long-term health of their fields, crops, animals and watercourses? Who are the legions of Americans who now allocate more of their household budgets to food that is organically, sustainably and locally grown, rather than buying the cheapest products they can find? My husband and I, bearing these trends in mind, did not contemplate the profitable option of subdividing our farm and changing its use. Frankly, that seemed wrong.

It's an interesting question, how to navigate this tangled path between money and morality: not a new question by any means, but one that has taken strange turns in modern times. In our

A High-Level Food Fight

The so-called clash of civilizations is not limited to militant Islam against superpower Christianity, nor to wealthy nations opposed by a multitude of poor ones. A ripening conflict in globalization pits the wealthy against the wealthy—Europe versus America—in a fight over the cultural meaning of food. American farmers have already opened a brave new frontier in capital-intensive agriculture—biotechnology and genetically modified (GM) crops. Europe resists. Having recently experienced the man-made catastrophe of mad-cow disease, European consumers are not willing to accept industry's standard assurances that GM food poses no risk to human health and safety or the environment. They don't want it; they won't eat it.

In response, the European Union has devised a fiendishly clever way to keep GM produce out of Europe's food system, but without violating the WTO's hallowed principles of free trade: Label it honestly. If consumers see a GM content label on the food products, they are unlikely to buy it. This past summer the European Parliament enacted a new regulatory system designed to replace Europe's de facto moratorium on approving any of the new genetically altered strains developed by Monsanto, DuPont's Pioneer and other biotech firms. In addition to labeling, the new system requires farmers, food processors and supermarkets to maintain a record that traces the origins of GM corn or soybeans from the supermarket back to the farm—a rule that will clearly pin down the legal liability if anything goes wrong.

This new approach throws a huge wrench into the expansive plans of the biotech food industry, because united Europe will have 450 million people when it adds ten more nations next spring and an internal consumer market larger than that of the United States. Multinational food companies will at best have to keep a segregated pipeline in production, processing and distribution—GM-free for Europe and probably some Asian nations like Japan and South Korea, where people share the same fears, but GM-produced for Americans and anyone else who wants it. More likely, many major brand names will decide it's not worth the hassle and declare themselves GM-free.

"This is a major blow to the genetic food industry," says Jeremy Rifkin, the American critic who has served as a consultant to EU leaders on biotech issues. "What Monsanto lost sight of is that food is a deep statement of culture in all the countries that make up Europe. The way people process and prepare food is the story of who they are. In a world of globalization, where people feel increasingly that they are losing control over so many aspects of their lives, the one place they feel they still have some control is the food they put on the table—and damned if they are going to give that up for globalization."

But American interests, including the US government, protest: Where's the hard science that proves there's any risk? For Europeans and others, that is their point too. The fact that US regulators have cleared GM seeds for marketing does not begin to satisfy Europe that science has fully explored the dimensions of risk. So they are embracing the "precautionary principle"—a higher standard demanding that new technologies and commercial products be proved safe before they can be marketed. So many industry claims have proven false in the past, Europeans no longer wish to be guinea pigs in the next mass-market experiment. "Europe," Rifkin explains, "is entering into a new era, based not so much on 'If it can be done, it will be done' but, instead, on 'Show us it can be done safely or it will not be done.'"

But this food fight isn't over. Environmentalists are alarmed by reports that Brazil, a leading soybean producer, is opening the door to GM soy, a big win for biotech if it happens. The issue puts the WTO in the middle, and regardless of which side it takes, it could become a major blow to its authority. If the United States files a formal protest against the EU labeling system and the WTO rules in its favor, Europeans will be in revolt. But how can the WTO decide that the neutral act of consumer labeling violates free-trade principles? The global system puts commerce ahead of culture, but most people think it should be the other way around.

What would happen if Americans woke up to discover that multinational agribusiness was willing to provide content labels on food for French, German, Italian and other Continental consumers, but used its political muscle to block the same reform here? Maybe they wouldn't mind, but maybe some Americans would realize that on certain matters, Old Europe is in the vanguard and is willing to leave us behind. WILLIAM GREIDER

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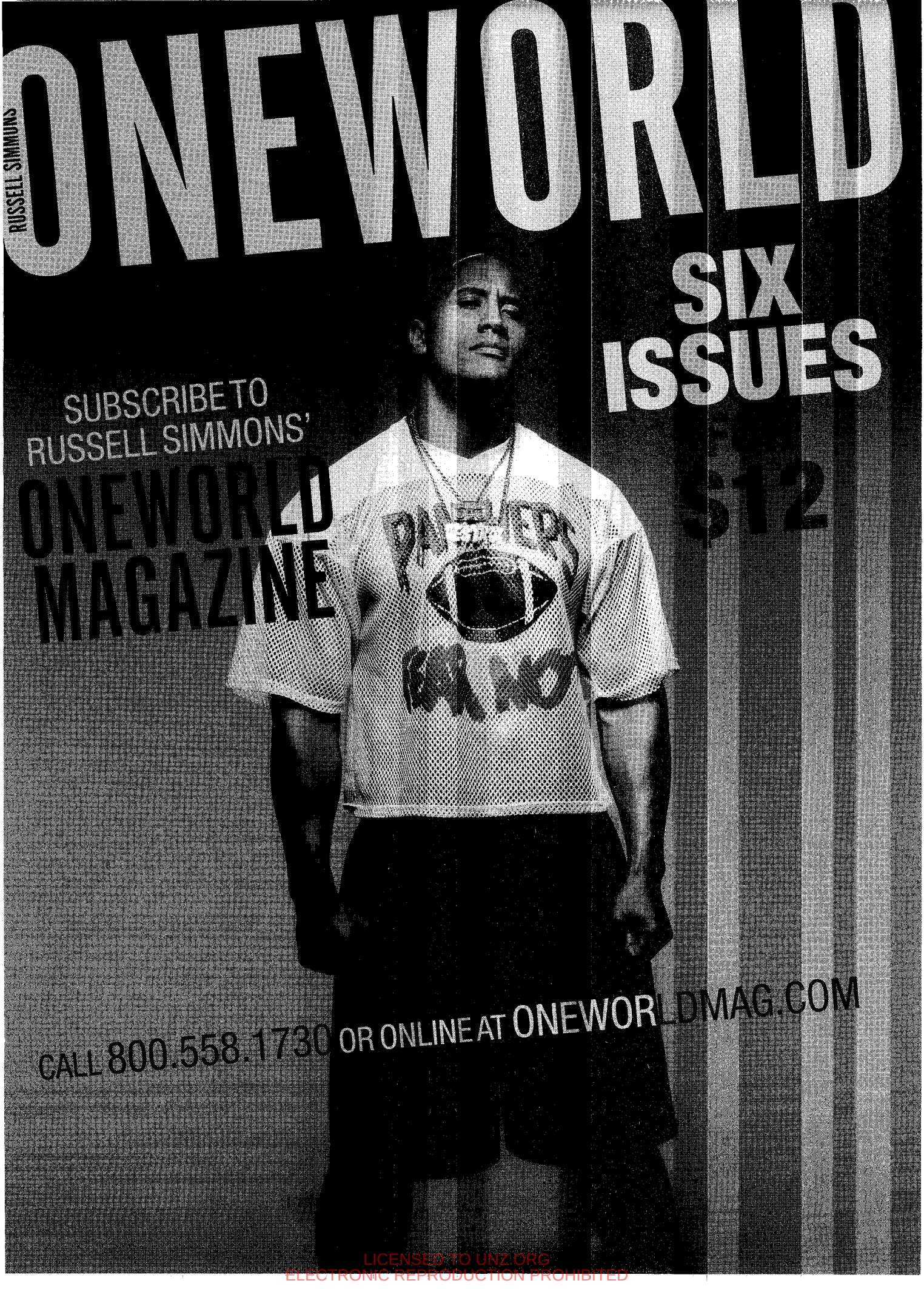

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nation's prevailing culture, there exists right now a considerable confusion between prosperity and success—so much so that avarice is frequently confused with a work ethic. One's patriotism and good sense may be called into doubt if one elects to earn less money or own fewer possessions than is humanly possible. The notable exception is that a person may do so for religious reasons: Christians are asked by conscience to tithe or assist the poor; Muslims do not collect interest; Catholics may respectably choose a monastic life of communal poverty; and any of us may opt out of a scheme that we feel to be discomforting to our faith. It is in this spirit that we, like you perhaps and so many others before us, have worked to rein in the free market's tyranny over our family's tiny portion of America and install values that override the profit motive. Upon doing so, we receive a greater confidence in our children's future safety and happiness. I believe we are also happier souls in the present, for what that is worth. In the darkest months I look for solace in seed catalogues and articles on pasture rotation. I sleep better at night, feeling safely connected to the things that help make a person whole. It is fair to say this has been, in some sense, a spiritual conversion.

Modern American culture is fairly empty of any suggestion that one's relationship to the land, to consumption and food, is a religious matter. But it's true; the decision to attend to the health of one's habitat and food chain is a spiritual choice. It's also a political choice, a scientific one, a personal and a convivial one. It's not a choice between living in the country or the town; it is about understanding that every one of us, at the level of our cells and respiration, lives in the country and is thus obliged to be mindful of the distance between ourselves and our sustenance.

I have worlds to learn about being a good farmer. Last spring when a hard frost fell upon our orchards on May 21, I felt despair at ever getting there at all. But in any weather, I may hope to carry a good agrarian frame of mind into my orchards and fields, my kitchen, my children's schools, my writing life, my friendships, my grocery shopping and the county landfill. That's the point: It goes everywhere. It may or may not be a movement—I'll leave that to others to say. But it does move, and it works for us. ■

DEMOCRATS CAN WIN THE FARM AND SMALL-TOWN VOTE—*IF* THEY PAY SERIOUS ATTENTION.

Needed: A Rural Strategy

JOHN NICHOLS

Helen Waller is feeling lonelier these days. She names the families that have moved off farmsteads along the road where she lives in McCone County, Montana. There are so few folks left that the post office's route drivers deliver mail only three times a week. And when Waller makes the nineteen-mile drive to Circle, the nearest town, she notices that it is emptying out as well. The old hospital is now closed, as is the "junior department store." "I remember when I was a girl, going to town to buy a pair of shoes was a big deal," recalls Waller, a lifelong resident of McCone County. "Now, I can't get shoes in Circle. I used to laugh when people said there might come a day when there was no one left out here, but I don't laugh anymore. I just get angry."

TIM LANE

Waller's anger, which is echoed on the front porches of farmhouses and around the cafe tables of the upper Midwest and the Great Plains, is not directed at neighbors who have left the area of eastern Montana where her family settled after World War I. Still farming at age 69, she is well aware of how hard it is to make ends meet in these parts. What angers Waller is a sense that the deck keeps getting stacked against rural America by powerful corporations and by politicians of both political parties who pay more attention to promised rural panaceas—like free trade and a bigger-is-better attitude toward farming—than to the painful realities of the countryside. "I ask myself: How can people in Washington let this happen?" she says. "I wonder if it's because they've gotten so used to measuring everything in economic terms that they don't recognize that behind all these numbers from all these forgotten places, there are people who are hurting."

The hurt Waller describes is a political force Democrats must reckon with if they hope to regain the White House and Congress in 2004. Less than a quarter of America's population now lives beyond this country's cities and suburbs. But even as their percentage of the national population dwindles, rural states still elect two US senators each, and more than fifty US House members represent predominantly rural districts. The electoral votes of even the least populous state can decide close national elections. In 2000, for instance, Al Gore fell just three electoral votes short of winning the presidency. That means that the electoral votes of a single rural state—such as Helen Waller's Montana, where rural support for the Democrats tumbled in 2000—could have rendered Florida's disputed electoral votes inconsequential.

Polls show that rural Americans are even more concerned than urban voters about access to healthcare, education and the jobs that have gone missing since George W. Bush became President. But rural voters also bring unique demands to the table—for constraints on agribusiness conglomerates, new approaches to trade policy and a renewed federal commitment to rural development. The ability of Democratic candidates to answer those demands with significantly more populist responses than did their predecessors in 2000 and 2002 will determine whether the party has a chance in 2004.

"A lot of Democrats at the national level continue to look at where the concentrations of population are. They want the most

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bang for their buck. States that are less populated look, at first glance, like they aren't worth the investment," says North Dakota Progressive Coalition director Don Morrison. "What they haven't quite figured out is that there are two places in America where you see the most pain, the most economic injustice: the inner city and rural America. Democrats win the inner cities, and they could win the rural areas. But first, they have to recognize that there is pain out here. Then, they have to make it a whole lot clearer that they're going to do something about it."

The prosperity of the 1990s never reached most of rural America. During that decade, 676 of the nation's 3,141 counties lost population, and the worst population losers were in what is still referred to as America's heartland. More than 60 percent of the counties in the Great Plains have experienced depopulation so profound that an area the size of the original Louisiana Purchase again qualifies for the "frontier" designation that the US Census Bureau gave remote regions before the great waves of settlement in the nineteenth century.

This isn't a case of people leaving because they don't like country life, says George Naylor, a Greene County, Iowa, farmer who recently became the president of the National Family Farm Coalition. "The people I know who've given up felt sick about it. But they couldn't go on living in poverty." Poverty rates are now higher in vast rural stretches of the Great Plains than in America's big cities; nine of the nation's ten counties with the lowest per capita income are found in farm states west of the Mississippi. Twenty-seven percent of rural workers earn a wage that is insufficient to lift a family of four out of poverty. Rural hospitals are closing. Medicare and Medicaid payments are getting squeezed. Incomes for the vast majority of farm families remain stagnant. Free-trade initiatives like the North American Free Trade Agreement have been so unsuccessful in delivering a promised boom for family farmers that the federal government is now setting up a Trade Adjustment Assistance program to help farmers displaced by trade deals that were supposed to assure their prosperity. And the same free-trade policies that have failed farmers have devastated the small manufacturing concerns that once allowed farm couples to stay on the land by providing work—and health benefits—to the spouse who worked "in town."

"Rural America is being eviscerated by contract farming, by the loss of control of the food chain, by the lack of rural healthcare, by trade policies that are particularly destructive to rural economies," says Representative Marcy Kaptur, the ranking Democrat on the agriculture subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee. Kaptur is angered that many in Congress, including fellow Democrats, fail to understand the small "d" democratic value of having a countryside populated by farmers and small-town residents who keep control of the nation's food supply in diverse hands. It is not just a romantic attachment to old ways of farming that causes Kaptur to fear rural depopulation. Rather, she says, something fundamental is lost as rural folk who considered themselves stewards of the land are replaced by sprawling factory farms that treat the landscape as a commodity to be dosed indiscriminately with chemicals and despoiled with livestock "waste lagoons." Democrats must recognize, Kaptur says, that "rural America is hanging on by its fingernails. There's a sense of urgency in the countryside. It's real, it's volatile."

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Such urgency was once the stuff of political legend. In 1896, a 36-year-old Nebraskan named William Jennings Bryan won the Democratic nomination for President with an appeal to farm-state frustration. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech and his alliance with the independent populists began pulling Midwest and Plains states voters away from Republican moorings some had clung to since Civil War days and toward the Democrats. That process culminated in the election of Franklin Roosevelt, whose New Deal restored a measure of prosperity to Depression-worn farm states. When that prosperity came, the Republicans reasserted themselves. But the recession of the late 1950s wrenched farm-state voters back to the Democratic fold and sent South Dakotan George McGovern, Minnesotan Eugene McCarthy, Idahoan Frank Church and other young liberals to the Senate, where they transformed not just farm policy but the Democratic Party. As recently as 1986, when Democrats retook the Senate six years into the Reagan era, they did so by electing a fresh crop of senators from recession-ravaged farm states that included South Dakota's Tom Daschle, North Dakota's Kent Conrad and, four years later, Minnesota's Paul Wellstone.

Today, the party of Bryan has a hard time speaking to rural America. Since 1988 support for the Democrats among rural voters has dropped from 56 percent to around 36 percent. In the early 1990s the Congressional Rural Caucus had eighty-eight Democratic members to fifty-four Republicans; less than a decade later, the breakdown was eighty-four Republicans to fifty-eight Democrats. "If we were to write off the [partisan shift in the] rural vote as simply echoing national trends, we'd miss a seismic shift in American politics," says veteran pollster Bill McInturff. Yet, for the most part, Democrats continue to stumble in the countryside. Things aren't quite as bad as in 1999, when Representative Patrick Kennedy, head of the party's campaign to retake the House, was quoted as saying Democrats had "written off" America's rural areas in their 2000 strategy. But the party still strays from the economic populism that can counter Republican appeals based on social issues like abortion and opposition to gun control. Out on the Plains, liberals joke about the gay man who worried about coming out of the closet for fear that he would be thought a Democrat.

'You can be ardently pro-choice and support gay rights and still win rural areas if you have an economic message.' —Rhonda Perry

After the 2000 presidential election, colored maps showed that while the East and West Coasts and inland metropolitan areas were blue for Gore, the vast majority of the country was red for Bush. In the West, you could walk a line from Mexico to Canada and not set foot in a single county—let alone a single state—carried by Gore. Bush won 59 percent of the rural vote, compared with 46 percent for Republican Bob Dole in 1996 and 40 percent for Bush's father in 1992. "It should have been a wake-up call for the Democrats," says National Farmers Union president David Frederickson. "But they went right into the 2002 campaign and made a lot of the same mistakes."

Kaptur says that's because the party has been peddling gimmicks rather than populist substance. "Most of the people who run the Democrat Party, like [Democratic National Committee chair] Terry McAuliffe, they're city people," she says. "They think it's just a matter of tinkering with the party's image." Democratic consultants have created a mini-industry that tells candidates to go "country" by sponsoring NASCAR teams, joining the NRA or fuzzing positions on abortion or gay rights to mollify social conservatives. Rural folks just laugh. "You can be ardently pro-choice and support gay rights and still win rural areas if you have an economic message," says Rhonda Perry, a family farmer who is program director with the Missouri Rural Crisis Center. "I don't think too many people in rural Missouri sit up nights worrying about gay rights. But they do sit up nights worrying about how they are going to keep the farm or how they are going to get health benefits after the meatpacking plant shuts down."

If Democrats want to speak to rural America, they should start listening to the Rhonda Perrys and Helen Wallers. They'll learn quickly that bland, one-size-fits-all "rural strategies" are losers. The corporate owner of a 4,000-cow factory farm in California has different demands from the family that milks 100 cows in Wisconsin. Companies like Monsanto and Tyson are not "partners" of wheat farmers trying to keep genetically modified seeds out of North Dakota, or Missouri hog farmers who want to use antitrust laws to prevent meatpacking companies from cornering markets. Wal-Mart has a different vision for rural America from mom-and-pop stores on Main Street. And while a Free Trade Area of the Americas agreement might open foreign markets for agribusiness, it will collapse prices for family farmers here and abroad. "It's about making choices," says Waller. "Most of the time the choices are between what the agribusiness companies want, which is to rig the markets so they can make money, and what's good for rural communities."

The late Senator Paul Wellstone of Minnesota, Senator Byron Dorgan of North Dakota and Senator Tim Johnson of South Dakota battled in the last Congress for a national ban on livestock ownership by meatpacking companies. If enacted, it would have prevented the development of monopolies that kill competition and drive small farms out of business. Their initiative failed, with key Democrats, like North Carolina Senator John Edwards, opposing it. As he seeks the presidency, Edwards is now trying to position himself as a champion of rural America, but he has taken hits for being on the wrong side of what Congressional Progressive Caucus co-chair Dennis Kucinich says should be "a defining issue in this campaign."

Just as the meatpacking industry should be prevented from monopolizing livestock industries, agribusiness corporations should be prevented from monopolizing farm subsidies. Under the $249 billion, ten-year farm bill President Bush signed in 2002, two-thirds of farm subsidy payments go to the top 10 percent of farm-subsidy recipients. More than 50 percent of the conservation funds paid for by the bill go to the Environmental Quality Incentive Program, which provides subsidies to corporate factory farms that are major polluters. More than $100 million goes to trade promotion schemes that are often boondoggles.

Democrats must understand that trade is a big rural issue. Just as NAFTA, most-favored-nation trading status for China and other trade deals fail to benefit family farmers, they also have

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caused deindustrialization that hits rural America particularly hard. Maytag is moving factories to Mexico from Midwestern towns where, for decades, it has been the prime employer. Textile mills, long prime employers in the rural South, can't compete with firms that pay a fraction of their wages; this year's collapse of Pillowtex Corporation closed sixteen plants and eliminated more than 7,500 jobs, mostly in North Carolina and Virginia. "Farmers used to be able to ride through the rough times by taking a job at the machine shop. Now, in a lot of places, the machine shop is closed," says Niel Ritchie, head of the League of Rural Voters, a farm-labor coalition that is organizing a November 15 presidential forum in Iowa. "You can't talk about rural development without talking about trade."

Ritchie thinks some Democratic candidates are starting to get it. While Joe Lieberman still echoes discredited talk about trade as a cure-all, Kucinich and Dick Gephardt recognize that rural voters see through the claims of free traders. Edwards stumbled on the livestock-monopoly issue, but Kucinich, Gephardt and Howard Dean, the former Vermont governor, champion anti-monopoly measures. And while Dean is often portrayed as the darling of the East and West Coasts, his "Farmers and Ranchers for Dean" campaign has made progress in states like Iowa and North Dakota. "Dean's from a rural state and he's gotten through to a lot of people by talking substance on our issues," says North Dakotan Morrison. "Substance is the key. Rural voters don't want sympathy, they want something real from Democrats."

Offering rural voters something real—in the form of a populist alternative to the Republicans—may be the greatest challenge that Democrats face in the 2004 campaign. But it is also the greatest opportunity. "Politics is the name of the game, isn't it? Politics decides whether we can stay in business, whether there's a future for our children and grandchildren here," says Helen Waller, as she looks out across the wheat fields of eastern Montana on a fall afternoon. "There's a lot of us who take this all very seriously because we know what is at stake. I just wish the politicians would take politics as seriously as we do." ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

Chicago

■ As Richard Falk and Andrew Strauss argue, a global parliament would enable citizens to organize beyond the confines of sovereign states and to move beyond the politics of protest, rejection and response to the actions of powerful states. It would create real citizens of the world. To paraphrase historian Prasenjit Duara, it could rescue politics from the nation-state.

I wonder, though, whether the best prototype is the European Parliament. A different, though equally gradual, approach would not have to begin with merely advisory status for its actions, nor require a large-scale international agreement to begin, nor rely upon approval or permission from the United States, nor even need a new institutional venue for the parliament. A simple reform could transform the United Nations entirely and provoke it to become the new institution. Individual nation-states could begin electing, rather than appointing, their UN representatives.

Eventually, inequities of the scale of the units would need to be addressed. At all times, regional and religious parties could emerge. Political parties at the merely national level would continually try to win the elections and hold on to their power. But parties with global appeal and larger constituencies might reframe debate in most localities and allow more people to participate in world determination rather than merely self-determination. World public opinion could better contain a Bush Administration and its weak coalition of willing states if global political parties took positions, with UN as well as US elections coming up. And even without a need to head off irrational exuberance at the helm of US power, the logic of us and them in politics would change. Europe and North America would care who wins an election in Madagascar or New Guinea. The UN would be composed of representatives responsible to citizens, not states. And nationalism would lose much of its utility.

JOHN D. KELLY

FALK AND STRAUSS REPLY

Santa Barbara, Calif.; Wilmington, Del.

■ Anders Johnsson contends that our proposal for a global parliament is unrealistic because many countries do not yet have authentic national democracies. He assumes that democracy can proceed only in one specifically prescribed linear fashion, from local to global. We do not agree.

In the days when many of America's biggest cities were still run by antidemocratic political machines, no one would have claimed that the United States should abandon democracy at the national level because, as Johnsson asserts, it always starts at home.

In fact, beginning to establish democratic practices globally promotes democratization locally. If there existed a global parliament whose membership was restricted to freely elected parliamentarians, authoritarian leaders would be under pressure to choose: Either hold fast to the politically embarrassing option of denying their people the right to be represented in the world's only globally elected body or allow the introduction of democratic practices along with the emergence of a democratically legitimized leadership. As globalization proceeds and as decision-making power is increasingly situated at the international level, Johnsson asks us to wait indefinitely for global democracy until all countries are democratic. But for those of us in more democratic countries, to wait is to watch as our own hard-won democratic space becomes more and more restricted.

Johnsson is right, though, to put an emphasis on being realistic. Too often in the past, discussions of fundamental world-order reform have been too easily dismissed as utopianism. But, what is, after all, so unrealistic about our proposal? Is it unrealistic to suppose, as we suggest, that twenty or thirty more enlightened governments might agree to a treaty creating a stand-alone advisory parliament with very limited initial legal powers? This is, after all, the way the European Parliament began. Is it unrealistic to think that such an assembly, as the first popularly elected global body, would attract considerable attention and that various interests would attempt to gain the support of this singular democratic body to legitimize their policy positions? And, is it unrealistic to think that such a body would become a focal point for the pursuit of global reform, leading to expanding influence, inducing increases in membership and powers?

Of course, Johnsson is right that there are complex logistical, representational and jurisdictional matters to resolve in establishing such an international body. But, these matters present themselves whenever a new political organization is brought to life, and, yes, they are challenging, but far from impossible to overcome. We are, after all, living in a period when little over a decade ago the Soviet Union ceased to exist and the establishment of the International Criminal Court seemed a distant dream.

As for John Kelly's proposal to move toward a more democratic global order by electing representatives to the UN, we find the idea worthy of further discussion; but we would question its feasibility, as it would mean displacing the representational role of governments altogether at the UN. We offer our own proposal not out of a conviction that it is the only way to proceed but from a sense that we need to begin a serious global discussion about how the world order can be made more democratic, peaceful, fair and sustainable.

RICHARD FALK
ANDREW STRAUSS

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COMMENT

(Continued From Page 8)

tration and GOP Congress, however, are backing federal legislation that would pre-empt Californians' new privacy rights. Their specious argument, echoing the banks and insurers, is that privacy laws must be uniform, and the stronger California law will hamper efforts to stop identity theft because it requires rules different from the rest of the nation. The problem, according to FTC official Howard Beales, comes from "the theft of information from firms or by hackers, not from the sharing of information that institutions did intentionally."

Bush will have to square that position with his campaign pledges from the last election. "I believe privacy is a fundamental right, and that every American should have absolute control over his or her personal information," he said. Bush has also declared, "I think there ought to be laws that say a company cannot use my information without my permission. We can live in a private world." But people cannot have absolute control over their private financial information when it is floating around among thousands of corporate affiliates. (Ironically, the White House is probably the last private world. Bush's Social Security number is not for sale, because he is too well-known.)

George W. Bush will have to choose between the commercial freedoms of corporations and the privacy rights of Americans. There is no way to spin the identity theft crisis so that corporate America has no responsibility. JAMIE COURT

Jamie Court, author of Corporateering: How Corporate Power Steals Your Personal Freedom and What You Can Do About It *(Tarcher/Putnam), is president of the Santa Monica–based Foundation for Taxpayer and Consumer Rights (www.consumerwatchdog.org).*

You Protest, You Pay

It started with Congress, which in 1998 voted to deny federal financial aid to students with minor drug convictions like marijuana possession. Now the use of financial aid as an incentive to curb "undesirable" student behavior has moved to the state level. But in the latest legislative crackdowns, it's not pot-tokers but political activists who could be punished.

The situation stems from campus riots, a problem state legislatures have been under increasing pressure to address in recent years. Unlike the 1960s anti–Vietnam War unrest at places like Berkeley and Columbia, today's riots are more closely aligned with cheap beer and well-heeled athletic programs.

In Ohio, where an Ohio State University football victory over Michigan last year set off a celebratory riot resulting in nine torched cars and $135,000 in police overtime costs, Governor Bob Taft OK'd a law in June that takes away financial aid for up to two years from students convicted of "rioting" or "failing to disperse."

Ohio activists say that at a time when tuition and fee increases are soaring because of tighter state budgets—9 percent at Ohio State this year—the new law could stifle student protests. The concern is understandable; students at Ohio State marched with striking custodial and food-service workers in spring 2000, while those from a number of public and private universities joined anti-globalization protests in the streets of Cincinnati that same winter. Democratic State Senator Robert Hagan of Youngstown, one of the few dissenting voices in the conservative Ohio Statehouse, says he knows union activists in his industrial, blue-collar district whose rap sheets include little more than "failing to disperse." "I'm not for allowing the use of this clause to penalize people who may be peacefully protesting and may be judged arbitrarily by a police officer," Hagan says.

Ohio Young Democrats president Jonathan Varner says legislators are taking advantage of the political impotence of young people. "You wouldn't see somebody saying they can't get a [National Fair Housing Alliance] mortgage if they get busted for trespassing or something like that," he says. The Young Democrats are planning an educational campaign, hoping to incite liberals to vote in 2004 against incumbent Republicans, who control both branches of the Statehouse and consequently the budget proceedings that created the anti-rioting bill. Ray Vasvari, legal director for the Ohio American Civil Liberties Union, says his group hasn't taken any action on the law as yet but is "looking at it carefully."

Ohio State spokeswoman Elizabeth Conlisk, who didn't return a telephone call or e-mail, told *The Lantern*, the student newspaper, "Attending Ohio State or any other state institution is a privilege, and those who choose to engage in senseless destruction of property ought to be punished. If this is what it takes to help prevent riots, so be it."

The passage of the Ohio bill follows approval of a law last year in Colorado that prevents those convicted of riot-related crimes from attending a state school for a year. An earlier version that would have disqualified students from receiving financial aid was scrapped after representatives from Colorado State's student government and the University of Colorado's student union argued that it discriminated against low-income students. Colorado State Representative Don Lee, who sponsored the bill, says it has been a success—nobody has rioted and nobody has been suspended. He says jury trials and the due process of the court system should be enough to prevent any arbitrary enforcement.

The newest laws could be models for more to come. Minnesota this year shot down an anti-rioting bill similar to Ohio's because of concerns over who would be responsible for carrying out background checks. But after a drunken riot near the Minnesota State campus resulted in forty-five arrests, sixteen injuries and an estimated $100,000–$200,000 in property damage, Republican Representative Carla Nelson promised to reintroduce legislation next year that would disqualify convicted students from receiving state financial aid and require them to pay out-of-state tuition.

Lee, meanwhile, is considering bringing something else to the table next year. Noting that the University of Colorado was ranked number-one party school in the country this year by *Princeton Review*, he says, "One of the things we keep saying is that we want to promote a drug-free society. One of the things I've been batting around is when a student applies for financial aid from the state, they have to pass a drug test." JAMIE PIETRAS

Jamie Pietras, who's written for publications including In These Times *and received awards from the Ohio Society of Professional Journalists, is working on a book about the history of federal drug control policy.*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The One-State Solution

However utopian, binationalism may be the last hope for Israeli-Palestinian peace.

DANIEL LAZARE

Is Zionism a failed ideology? This question will strike many people as absurd on its face. Israel, after all, is a nation with an advanced standard of living, a high-tech economy and one of the most formidable militaries on earth. In a little over half a century, it has taken in millions of people from far-flung corners of the globe, taught them a new language and incorporated them into a political culture that is nothing if not vigorous. If this is failure, there are a lot of countries wishing for their share of it.

But consider the things Israel has not accomplished. In his 1896 manifesto *The Jewish State*, Zionism's founding document, the Austrian journalist Theodor Herzl predicted that such a country would be at peace with its neighbors and would require no more than a small professional army. In fact, Zionist settlers have clashed repeatedly with the Arabs from nearly the moment they began arriving in significant numbers in the early twentieth century, a Hundred Years' War that grows more dangerous by the month. Herzl envisioned a normal state no different from France or Germany. Yet with its peculiar ethno-religious policies elevating one group above all others, Israel is increasingly abnormal at a time when almost all other political democracies have been putting such distinctions behind them. Herzl envisioned a state that would draw Jews like a magnet, yet more than half a century after Israel's birth, most Jews continue to vote with their feet to remain in the Diaspora, and an increasing number of Israelis prefer to live abroad. Israel was supposed to serve as a safe haven, yet it is in fact one of the more dangerous places on earth in which to be Jewish.

Israel was also supposed to have been the final answer to "the Jewish question," an issue that is as old as—and has virtually defined—modernity itself. Herzl emphasized again and again that hatred and competition would melt away once Jews removed themselves from their increasingly reluctant host countries, returned to their ancient homeland and took their place as separate but equal members of the international community. Yet anti-Semitism is mushrooming in the Muslim world and, based on anecdotal evidence, may be undergoing a resurgence in Europe and the United States. Is this because the world is intrinsically anti-Semitic and is therefore always looking for an excuse to bash the Jews? Or does Zionism bear responsibility in any way for the upsurge?

There is no doubt that the approach to such questions, especially in the United States, has reached a turning point. The collapse of Bush's farcical "road map," the Berlin wall that Israel is building deep inside Palestinian territory, the threats to exile or even assassinate Yasir Arafat and now the extension of hostilities to Syria—the old consensus is crumbling under the impact of such developments, and it is now possible to say things that would have been *verboten* only a few months ago. In Israel, Avraham Burg, former speaker of the Knesset, recently warned that if Israel wishes to preserve what little democracy it still has, it must either withdraw to its pre-1967 boundaries or grant full citizenship to the approximately 3.5 million Palestinians in the occupied territories, a step that would spell the virtual end of the Jewish state. Meron Benvenisti, the former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, has pronounced the two-state approach "inapplicable" to the problem of Israel and Palestine and is calling for a single binational state based on Arab-Jewish equality. In the United States the historian Tony Judt, declaring the Middle East peace process a dead letter in *The New York Review of Books*, says that the very idea of a Jewish state has become an "anachronism" in a multicultural world in which citizenship is increasingly separated from race, religion and ethnicity. "In today's 'clash of cultures' between open, pluralist democracies and

Daniel Lazare is the author, most recently, of The Velvet Coup: The Constitution, the Supreme Court, and the Decline of American Democracy *(Verso). He is currently at work on a book about the politics of Christianity, Judaism and Islam.*

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY:

REAL JEWS: Secular vs. Ultra-Orthodox and the Struggle for Jewish Identity in Israel.
By Noah J. Efron.
Basic.
284 pp. $27.50.

ISRAEL AND PALESTINE: Out of the Ashes: The Search for Jewish Identity in the Twenty-First Century.
By Marc H. Ellis.
Pluto.
198 pp. Paper $22.50.

THE FATE OF ZIONISM: A Secular Future for Israel & Palestine.
By Arthur Hertzberg.
HarperSanFrancisco.
194 pp. $19.95.

SCATTERED AMONG THE PEOPLES: The Jewish Diaspora in Twelve Portraits.
By Allan Levine.
Overlook.
462 pp. $35.

ELVIS IN JERUSALEM: Post-Zionism and the Americanization of Israel.
By Tom Segev.
Metropolitan.
167 pp. Paper $12.

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belligerently intolerant, faith-driven ethnostates," he adds, "Israel actually risks falling into the wrong camp."

A longstanding taboo has finally begun to fall. The more the United States sinks into a morass in Iraq, the more the Bush Administration leaps to do Sharon's bidding, the more fierce and wide-ranging the debate is likely to grow. How it will end, nobody knows. But where before it was all but impossible to have an honest conversation about Zionism, it is now becoming impossible not to. Of course, this taboo is largely an American invention. In other countries, the field has been much more open—including, irony of ironies, in Israel. As Tom Segev describes it in his lively ideological survey, *Elvis in Jerusalem*, Zionism has been under ideological and political assault in the Jewish state virtually from the beginning. Nearly everyone has had reason to find fault with it. In its early days Orthodox rabbis complained (in so many words) that it was an attempt to do an end run around God by returning from exile without divine permission. In the 1950s, a young journalist named Uri Avnery argued that Zionism was indelibly stained by the Diaspora it supposedly opposed and called for a more authentic Hebrew nationalism instead. Sephardic Jews from North Africa and the Middle East saw Zionism as a tool of the European-Ashkenazic elite, while post-Zionists like the historian Ilan Pappé have argued that it is fundamentally undemocratic and will have to fall by the wayside if Israel is ever to evolve into a normal pluralist state.

Even archeologists have gotten in their swipes. In the beginning, Israeli archeologists assumed that the Bible's tales of the patriarchs, the Exodus, Joshua's conquest of the Holy Land, etc., were broadly accurate and that the more they dug, the more the essential outlines would be confirmed. But, in fact, the opposite occurred. Not only was evidence lacking but archeologists uncovered a mass of countervailing data as well. As a University of Tel Aviv archeologist named Ze'ev Herzog wrote in the newspaper *Ha'aretz* in 1999, "The Israelites were never in Egypt, did not wander in the desert, did not conquer the land in a military campaign, and did not pass it on to the twelve tribes of Israel. Furthermore, the united monarchy of David and Solomon, which is described by the Bible as a regional power, was at most a small tribal kingdom." The Israelites were merely one indigenous culture among many. The idea that they had some sort of pre-eminent claim to the Holy Land has no basis in historical fact. Zionist archeology thus turns out to subvert Zionism.

Elvis in Jerusalem is valuable for a number of reasons, among them the insight it provides into the nature of Israeli politics. Israel is a heavily militarized ethnostate, to use Judt's term, but it is also a democracy, one that compares quite favorably in many respects with a played-out eighteenth-century republic like the United States. Israeli politics are serious, ideological and bitterly contentious. Where Jewish leaders in America have done their best to suppress debate, Israelis have let it rip.

It used to be impossible in the United States to have an honest conversation about Zionism. In the age of Sharon, it is impossible not to.

Ethnic cleansing of the Palestinians, Jewish religious intolerance, Zionism's various efforts over the years to make common cause with anti-Semitism—as Segev makes clear, topics that have been off-limits for years in the United States are fair game in the Jewish state. Americans, especially American Jews, should take a lesson.

Not that all of them will. Allan Levine's new book, *Scattered Among the Peoples: The Jewish Diaspora in Twelve Portraits*, is a relic of a less critical age. The story it tells is often a tragic one, yet the tone is bland and upbeat. Despite all that history has thrown at them, something "mysterious, indefinable, and even baffling" has permitted the Jews to pull through. They have persevered, Levine writes, "in the face of overwhelming odds and [have shown] an uncanny ability to do what is necessary so that each successive generation will endure." Even though the creation of the State of Israel in 1948 has led to a host of new difficulties, Levine finds something positive here as well. "Who would expect anything else," he asks, "of this intellectual, creative, industrious, and stubborn people?"

Self-regard like this is almost impressive. Yet Levine is fundamentally mistaken about the Jewish survival instinct: Far from uncanny, it has been as faulty as anyone else's. The persecutions of the Middle Ages were not their fault, obviously, yet the fact remains that Jewish fortunes in Central and Eastern Europe had plunged so low by the eighteenth century that recovery seemed all but impossible. With their ancient books and sterile legal debates, they seemed to be a lost people, which is why so many German Jews were desperate to convert. During World War II, Orthodox Jews allowed themselves to be lulled into complacency by the notion that "in every generation there arise those who would destroy us," as the Passover Haggadah states. This implied that Hitler was merely another in a long line of anti-Semites, one the Jews would outlast just as they had outlasted all the others. They were wrong on both counts.

Levine's belief in the virtues of staying put causes him to celebrate wealthy court Jews who held fast to tradition while faintly downplaying those intellectually rebellious "non-Jewish Jews," in Isaac Deutscher's famous phrase, who were the real glory of European Judaism. He is sympathetic to the rich Portuguese Jews in Amsterdam who drove the Jewish freethinker Uriel da Costa to suicide in 1640 and "had no choice" but to excommunicate Spinoza in 1656. He is admiring of the Rothschilds even though they used their wealth to finance the anti-Napoleonic alliance at a time when French troops were freeing Jews across the Continent. Because he sees it as representing Jewish continuity, Levine's attitude toward Israel is equally rosy. Israel has made members of the Diaspora "proud to be Jews again," he says, without offering evidence that Diaspora Jews ever felt to the contrary. Although recent events have caused some Jews to question their knee-jerk support for Israel, he is confident that "the legacy of the Nazis" will keep them within the fold.

This is history as the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations would have it: complacent, triumphal and devoted to unity as the highest virtue. Arthur Hertzberg's *The Fate of Zionism* is angrier, more dissatisfied and more argumentative—and therefore, in a sense, more Jewish as well. It takes aim simultaneously at the Zionist right and the anti-Zionist left, although in a way, unfortunately, that mainly succeeds in demonstrating the incoherence of those, like Hertzberg himself, who are in between.

At its most elementary, *The Fate of Zionism* is about history as it might have been. Hertzberg, a rabbi, a former president of the American Jewish Congress and the author of such well-known studies as *The French Enlightenment and the Jews*, opens with a description of a Labor Party conference in Israel shortly after the 1967 war. The mood at the conference was euphoric. Israel had just achieved one of the most stunning victories in military history, and, as a consequence, Jews "could now fly to Mount Sinai or drive the short route from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee through what had been, just a few days before, the West Bank of Jordan." For the first time in

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twenty years, they could pray at the Wailing Wall in the Old City of Jerusalem, the sole piece of the Second Temple the Romans had left standing in AD 70.

But then, Hertzberg writes, the guest of honor, David Ben-Gurion, arrived and proceeded to throw cold water over the festivities. By this point in his early 80s and living in retirement on a desert kibbutz, Ben-Gurion demanded that the speaker (who happened to be Hertzberg) cut short his remarks so he could take the podium. When he did, Ben-Gurion sternly told the party faithful that Israel was overextended, that it had bitten off more than it could chew and that it should return nearly all the conquered territory immediately. "The recent conquests were evoking dreams of grandeur that might be realized if the messiah were indeed about to appear," Hertzberg writes, summing up the ex-PM's remarks. But given that the messiah had not bothered to show up during the Holocaust, "Ben-Gurion did not believe that he might appear now to safeguard Jewish possession of the Sinai Peninsula, or even of the West Bank, the biblical Judea and Samaria." Israel, as a consequence, should withdraw to more defensible boundaries while it still had time.

Hertzberg wishes Israel had heeded Ben-Gurion's warning at the time. Thirty-six years later, not only does Israel find itself saddled with a captive population it cannot control, he writes, but the conquests have fundamentally altered the ideological balance. The problem has to do with the land itself. The Sinai and Gaza were relatively unimportant since, according to the Bible, they were never really part of the Holy Land. But Judea and Samaria, even more than Israel itself, are the real Israelite heartland. They are sites of the northern kingdom of Israel, destroyed by the Assyrians in 722 BC, and the southern kingdom of Judah, destroyed by the Babylonians in 586 BC. Thus, the result of the conquest was not to provide the Jewish state with another bargaining chip in its dealings with its neighbors but, rather, to fuel the most far-out theocratic fantasies. Small but vehement sects like Ateret Kohanim began talking of blowing up the Muslim Dome of the Rock as a first step to restoring the ancient Temple of Solomon so that Jewish priests could once again sacrifice bulls and rams to the glory of Yahweh. The fact that an "unimaginably bitter war of religion" would ensue, Hertzberg adds, did not bother "the new messianists" a bit: "They feel free to engage in the most dangerous provocations because they are certain that they will be forcing God to come down to earth and give them victory."

This is crazy, all right, which is why Hertzberg believes that withdrawing to pre-1967 boundaries is the first thing Israel must do to restore a degree of sanity. What's more, he believes it is the only way to cope with what is known as "the demographic dilemma," the fact that Jews now account for only 54 percent of the 10 million people under Israeli control between the Jordan and the Mediterranean, a razor-thin majority that is likely to disappear altogether during the next few years as the Palestinian birthrate, both in Israel itself and in the occupied territories, continues to outpace that of Israeli Jews. Virtually every major player in the Middle East has an idea of how to respond. Islamic fundamentalists would solve it by driving the Jews into the sea, Jewish ultranationalists would drive the Palestinians across the Jordan, left-wing secularists would like both groups to settle down together in a single nonreligious, nonethnic democracy, while liberal nationalists believe that the realistic way out is for two separate states to take their place side by side, with appropriate guarantees that neither will launch a sneak attack when the other is not looking.

But Hertzberg believes in none of the above. He believes that what Jewish ultranationalists are proposing is unthinkable,

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but also thinks that the two-staters are naïve for failing to recognize the depths of Palestinian hostility. He believes that advocates of binationalism like Noam Chomsky and the late Edward Said are even worse. While their ideas play well in intellectual circles in New York, London and Oxford, he argues, they are "wildly untrue to the real situation on the ground" and, in any event, are just an "elegant way" of accomplishing the old Palestinian goal of eradicating the Jewish homeland. "Make no mistake," Hertzberg warns, "even the doves and the liberals in the Jewish community, even Jews like me who have been opposed to the creeping annexation of the West Bank since it began in the late 1960s, will never make common cause with those who want to put an end to the Zionist state."

That settles that. The plan that Hertzberg puts forward might be described as "one state plus zero." Specifically, he favors a little Israel with a sizable Jewish majority, but no state for the Palestinians until they learn to behave themselves, a process, he blithely informs us, that could take a "generation or two." In the meantime, he proposes that Israel continue to patrol the occupied territories to insure that the worst weapons of mass destruction remain out of Palestinian hands, while the United States concentrates on intercepting the funds, from places like Iran and Saudi Arabia, that have enabled Palestinians to buy guns and explosives in the first place. America could then use the proceeds to provide schools for "young [Palestinians] that will educate them for useful lives but keep out of the curriculum the glorification of suicide bombers."

For some reason, he believes that such a program will result not in more bombings but fewer. It hardly bears pointing out that Palestinians will not put up with another twenty-five to fifty years of slavery and that the Israeli right will not put up with the acts of terrorism that will inevitably ensue. Even liberal Zionists are at a loss over what to do, which is why resistance to Sharon has essentially collapsed.

Yet Jewish opinion may not be as rock-solid in support of a Jewish state as Hertzberg thinks, if Marc Ellis's new book is any indication. Ellis, who heads the Center for American and Jewish Studies at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, argues in *Israel and Palestine: Out of the Ashes* that Jews are torn between two poles: Judaism's traditional concern for ethics, and a Jewish state that makes a mockery of the very concept. Where the Nazis never succeeded in destroying "the very essence of what it means to be Jewish," Israel has

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undercut it "at a fundamental level" through its relentless assault on Palestinian rights. As a result, he says, the fault line in international Jewish politics now runs between tribalists who believe in smiting the Philistines harder and harder, and universalists who believe that it is in the Jews' best interests to support equal rights for Jews and non-Jews alike. "Instead of splitting apart around issues of geography and culture, a civil war of conscience has begun," Ellis writes—which, judging from the vicious arguments erupting nowadays at seders and bar mitzvahs, may very well be the case.

Ellis gives a nonsectarian twist to the old tradition of Jewish prophecy, in which it is the duty of the lonely voice of morality to lecture and berate the people for falling away from the ancient law. Indeed, *Israel and Palestine* uses this trope to head off in some remarkably radical directions. Everywhere Ellis turns, he sees a Jewish community badly compromised by its unprincipled support for an out-of-control Jewish state. He argues that the cult of the Holocaust, something that virtually defines Jewish life in the United States, has turned into an exercise in selective memory in which Jews recall the terrible things done to them while forgetting, or simply denying, the terrible things that they have done to others. Rather than mourning the demise of the Oslo Accords, he believes they died a deserved death. Noting that, under Oslo, Palestinians had to pass through Israeli checkpoints even while moving about in what is ostensibly their own country, he asks, not unreasonably, what the point of such a state is if the best it can offer its people is endless humiliation at the hands of a foreign power.

Ellis's heart is in the sort of solution that Hertzberg scorns: a single binational state for both Arabs and Jews. Rather than struggling to find just the right compromise between two nations claiming the same piece of territory—all but impossible under the best of circumstances—he believes in rendering such claims irrelevant. The goal is not some delicate, Lebanese-style power-sharing arrangement between competing warlords but a modern democracy structured in such a way that citizens do not see themselves primarily as Jews, Christians or Muslims but as workers, farmers, shopkeepers and so on. In their religious capacities, individuals might still look upon Israel/Palestine as sacred. But as citizens of a secular democracy, they would expect their state to serve the entire population irrespective of religion or ethnicity—and would complain bitterly if it did not.

The problem, of course, is how to get there from here, which is where Ellis stumbles. By basing his argument on Judaism's

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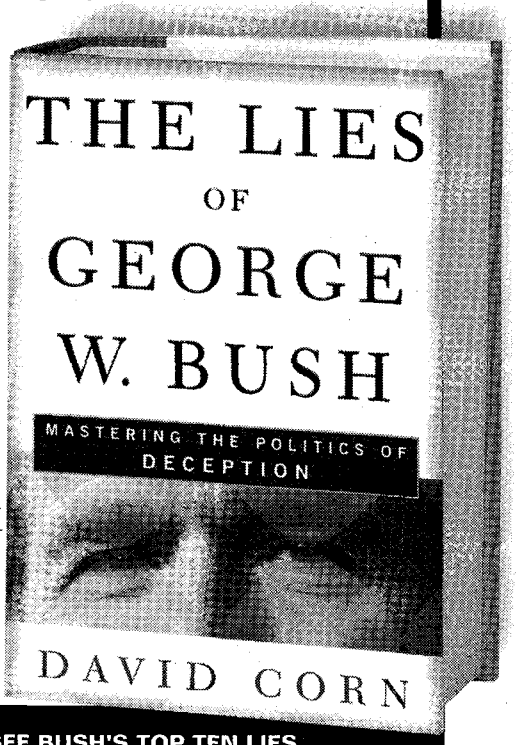

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longstanding ethical tradition, he fails to recognize how ambiguous that tradition really is. While the Old Testament says some humane things about protecting widows and orphans, it contains enough tales of massacre and vengeance to fuel the fantasies of the most homicidal West Bank settler. To quote the historian Christopher Hill, the Bible is "a huge bran-tub from which anything might be drawn"—hatred no less than tolerance, war no less than peace, theocracy no less than democracy. If democratic secularism is Ellis's goal, then secular politics are the only way to achieve it. Instead of immersing themselves in separate religious traditions, Jews and Palestinian Muslims and Christians must join in a common tradition based on internationalism, secularism and democracy. Instead of burying themselves in ancient texts, they must understand the irrelevance of those texts to modern politics.

In a Jewish state, power invariably flows to 'real Jews,' giving warriors like Sharon and ultra-Orthodox zealots the inside track.

More religion, no matter how progressively construed, is the last thing this God-soaked piece of terrain needs. As attentive readers of the *New York Times* are aware, family law in Israel is in the hands of Orthodox mullahs—er, I mean, rabbis. But few really grasp all that this entails. To put it in American terms, imagine that you are looking to get married or divorced, or to adopt a child or undergo an abortion, or to bury one of your parents in a local cemetery, and that to do so you must first obtain the permission of your local Southern Baptist minister. Even Southern Baptists would be outraged. Yet, as Noah Efron makes clear in his stunning new book, *Real Jews: Secular vs. Ultra-Orthodox and the Struggle for Jewish Identity in Israel*, this and more are what Israeli Jews face on a daily basis. Take *kashrut*, the exceedingly complicated Jewish dietary laws governing what foods are forbidden, which can be mixed and which, such as meat and dairy products, must be kept strictly separate. As Efron, an American-born Israeli who teaches at Bar Ilan University near Tel Aviv, tells it, *kashrut* affects not only what Israelis eat but, thanks to an increasingly expansive definition being pushed by the Orthodox rabbinate, what they believe and say.

So Ronit Penso, a 40-year-old chef at the Jerusalem Hilton, discovered in 1999 after talking back to a *mashgiah*, or rabbinic inspector. As Penso tells it, the trouble started when the *mashgiah* demanded that she toss out a vat of artichokes she had just washed on the grounds that they might contain insects too small to be visible to the human eye. Since insects are *treyf*, i.e., unclean, the veggies, to Penso's annoyance, had to go. More trouble ensued when the *mashgiah* objected to the way she chopped parsley and lettuce. On most days, you chop them one way, he told her, but on the Sabbath you must chop them another. When she protested, the inspector told her to be quiet and obey. When she made the mistake of talking back—"Your job," she said, "is to give me instructions about *kashrut*, not to shut my mouth"—she was called a liar and a "Lilith," a reference to Adam's supposed first wife, who, according to rabbinic lore, was eternally punished for the crime of demanding equality with her husband. "The fact that a secular woman reached such a senior position, and in the kitchen of all places, made their blood boil," Penso recalled. Nonetheless, the hotel, anxious to keep its kosher certification, fired her, and a sex-discrimination suit filed on her behalf by a group called the Association for Civil Rights in Israel proved unsuccessful.

Real Jews is chock-full of stories that in America, for all its sins, would be simply inconceivable. There is Eduardo Campos, a 62-year-old Uruguayan immigrant married to an Israeli, whom ultra-Orthodox Jews tried to get fired from his job at the Vita food company merely because he is a Jehovah's Witness. There is the Israeli ad company that yanked a poster for the Disney animated film *Tarzan* because an ultra-Orthodox watchdog group found the picture of the muscle-bound hero in a loincloth to be obscene. There is the Israeli dairy company that discontinued a line of children's yogurts because ultra-Orthodox parents might have trouble explaining how the cartoon dinosaurs on the cover squared with a biblical tale of creation that supposedly occurred just 6,000 years ago. There is the health-and-fitness magazine that pulled an ad showing an attractive heterosexual couple arm in arm in workout clothes, because ultra-Orthodox pressure groups said it was improper to show physical contact between men and women.

In a Jewish state eternally bedeviled by the question of who or what is a Jew, power flows to "real Jews" whose identity seems least questionable. Rather than intellectuals for whom contradiction and ambiguity are the staff of life, it flows to Jewish warriors like Sharon and to religious zealots like the ultra-Orthodox, one-dimensional caricatures who have made a point of banishing all doubt. The very structure of a Jewish state gives such elements the inside track. Efron shows how secularists began by making seemingly minor concessions to the ultra-Orthodox, only to see them turn into a flood in the ensuing decades. In 1947, before Israel was even born, Ben-Gurion promised the Orthodox rabbinate that the Jewish Sabbath would be the new nation's official day of rest; that kitchens in schools, museums and other public buildings would be kosher; that traditional Jewish matrimonial laws would be enforced; and that the ultra-Orthodox would have autonomy in educating their children (with the state footing the bill). In 1948, in the middle of a desperate war for survival, he exempted full-time yeshiva students from military service. According to Uri Avnery, Ben-Gurion felt he could make an exception because Orthodox Judaism was a relic of the Middle Ages and clearly on its way out. Yet when Menachem Begin lifted the lid on military exemptions thirty years later, the numbers promptly swelled. Today, Efron reports, more than 30,000 Torah students, 10 percent of all available military recruits, are exempted per year. There are more full-time Torah students, he adds, than at any point in Jewish history and possibly more than in all of Jewish history combined. Whereas most ultra-Orthodox men in America hold down regular jobs, most do not in Israel, thanks to generous government stipends. They are an economic drag on a society they refuse to defend.

Still, the question remains: Why should secular Israelis care? Yogurt containers, movie posters, the occasional uppity woman fired from her job—it's very easy to overlook such things amid the daily grind. If an extensive government welfare apparatus is causing the ranks of yeshiva *bukhers* to explode, why curse the black-hatted brigades, as so many secular Israelis, according to Efron, do? Why not simply attack such perverse incentives through normal legislative means and move on? The answer is that it's not so easy. The democratic and religious sides of Israeli society are at daggerheads and neither can afford to back down. Marc Ellis's "civil war of conscience" is playing itself out on a daily basis over issues both great and small. From a secular point of view, Israeli democracy does not make religious intrusions less of an affront. It makes them more so, which is why passions are at full boil.

Under normal conditions, Israeli secularists would forge alliances not only with like-minded Palestinians but with others farther afield. But Zionism interferes not only by plunging society into a permanent

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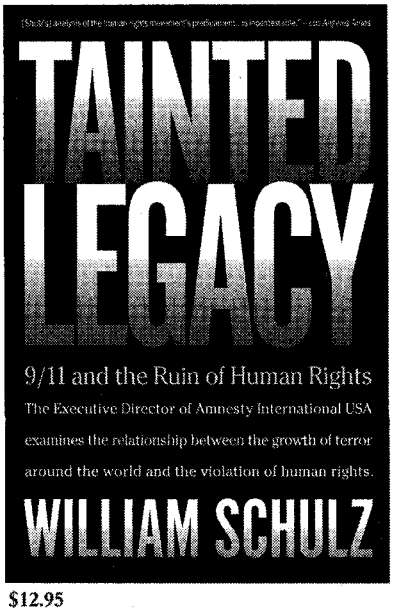
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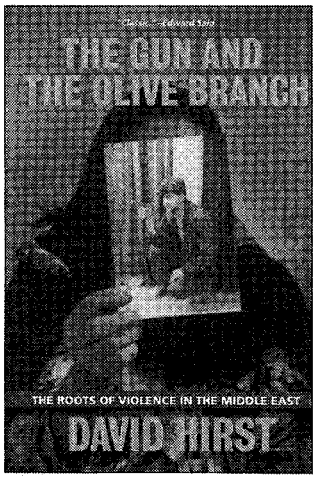

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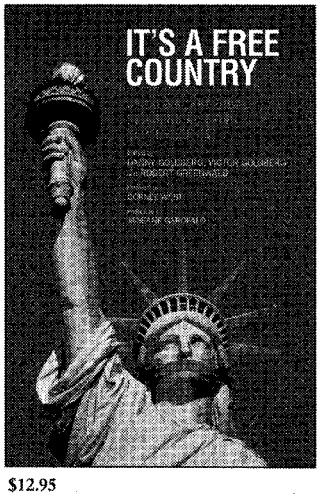

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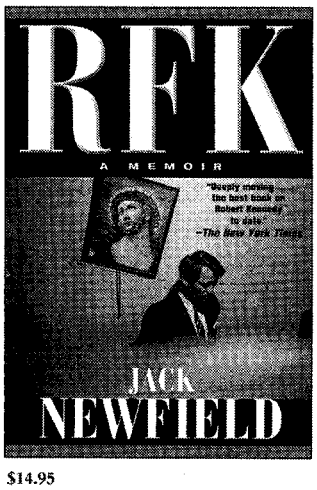

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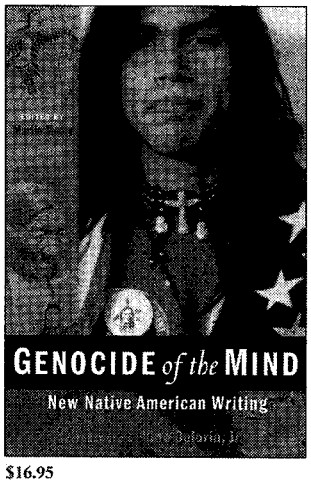

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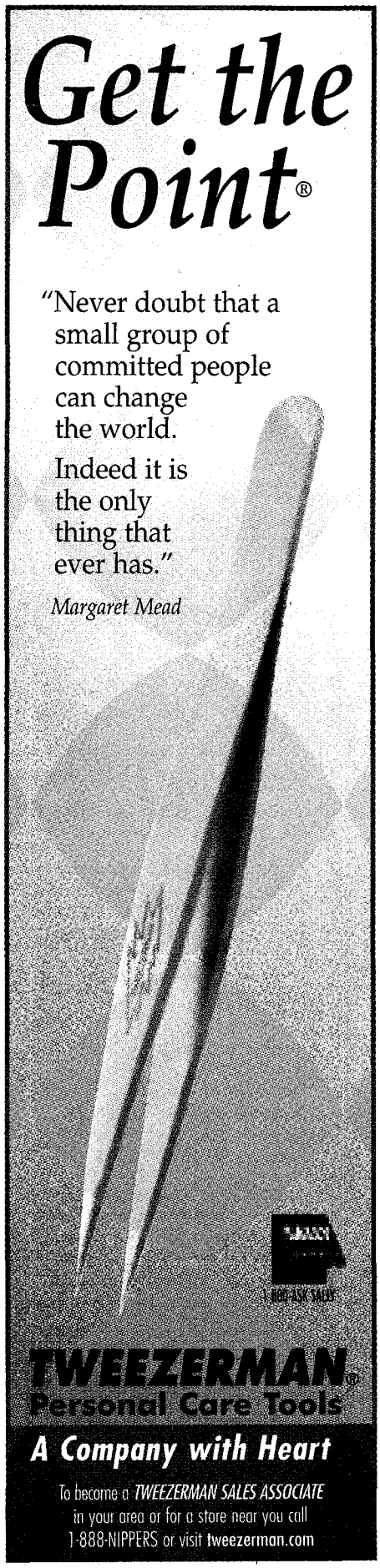
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state of war but by imposing a kind of conceptual prison. If not forbidden, contacts across religious lines grow very complicated in a "faith-driven ethno-state." "You don't understand," educated, secular Israelis say when European and American friends criticize the latest Israeli outrage. "You don't know what it's like to live in a society where a bomb could go off any minute. You don't know." But that is exactly the point. The purpose of Zionism, and of nationalism in general, is to impose a barrier between one group and another, to limit contact and impede understanding. By emphasizing one aspect of human experience, the ethno-religious in the case of Israel, at the expense of all others, it hobbles communication with those outside the fold. The personality is truncated, and political options are reduced. Instead of freely deciding what is to be done, people are forced to follow the logic imposed on them by the state. Hounded by rabbis, terrorized by suicide bombers, hemmed in by nationalism, Israelis see no alternative but to throw in their lot with a strongman like Sharon. The logic is irresistible but suicidal—unless someone can figure a way out of the ideological cage. ■

Being and Nothingness

JOHN BANVILLE

ELIZABETH COSTELLO. By J.M. Coetzee. Viking. 233 pp. $21.95.

John Coetzee's new book reads like a suicide note. His alter ego, Elizabeth Costello, is a writer at the end of her tether—indeed, at the end of her life, if we are to take a closing fantasy sequence, uncomfortably, even embarrassingly Kafkaesque, as a record of her transition to "the far bank," as the book's opening sentence has it. She is an Australian, aged 66, and has produced "nine novels, two books of poems, a book on bird life, and a body of journalism." She lived in Europe for some years in the 1950s and '60s, has been married twice and has two children, one from each marriage. Her reputation rests on her novel *The House on Eccles Street*, published in 1969, which has Marion Bloom, née Tweedy, the Molly Bloom of *Ulysses*, as its heroine.

We have met Elizabeth Costello before, in Coetzee's odd little book *The Lives of Animals*, based on the Tanner Lectures delivered by the author at Princeton University in 1997–98. Coetzee's two brief fictions in that book—as is apparent, it is hard to know how exactly to designate these late works; they are certainly not novels in any recognizable sense—revolve around two lectures, set in scant fictional frames, given by Elizabeth Costello at Appleton College in New England, an academic occasion that Amy Gutmann, founding director of the University Center for Human Values at Princeton, notes in her introduction to the book is "disconcertingly like the Tanner Lectures." The message Elizabeth has brought to the school is that our treatment of animals is analogous to, indeed, is as bad as, the murder by the Nazis of millions of Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals and the mentally retarded in what is commonly called the Holocaust. Coetzee's/Elizabeth's lectures/essays/fictions are followed by a series of responses, labeled "Reflections," from four distinguished academics, including Peter Singer, author of *Animal Liberation*.

The lectures from *The Lives of Animals*—"The Philosophers and the Animals" and "The Poets and the Animals"—are incorporated into *Elizabeth Costello*, where they are the third and fourth of the eight "Lessons" that together with a brief postscript make up the new book. Yes, I know this is confusing; confusion would seem to be Coetzee's aim.

Despite their didactic cast, one assumes these "Lessons" are to be received not as in a schoolroom but as in a religious service. Their topics are various, including "The Novel in Africa," "Eros" and "The Problem of Evil"—Coetzee has never been one to shy away from the great questions. The tone throughout is of barely contained desperation, not to say despair. Elizabeth Costello is in trouble, and her troubles are not to be talked, or lectured, away.

John Coetzee, who now lives in Australia, was born in Cape Town in 1940, and spent some years in the United States working as an academic computer scientist and linguist; he did groundbreaking studies of the writings of Samuel Beckett, and it

John Banville is the author, most recently, of Shroud *(Knopf), a novel. His new book,* Prague Pictures: Portraits of a City, *will be published by Bloomsbury next spring.*

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shows. As a writer he is a remarkable phenomenon, an austere, misanthropic and uncompromising intellectual whose books are international bestsellers. He has received pretty well every literary award going, including the Jerusalem Prize, the Prix Étranger Femina, the Booker, twice, and the South African CNA Prize, thrice; and this year's Nobel Prize. Like Elizabeth Costello, he has written nine novels, if one allows *The Lives of Animals* to be called a novel, and is best known for the dreamlike fable *Waiting for the Barbarians*, and *Life & Times of Michael K*. His fictional masterpiece is *Age of Iron*, a Beckettian study of a woman coming to the end of her life in South Africa before the collapse of apartheid. His most recent novel, *Disgrace*, which won him that second Booker Prize, is a fierce, bleak study of an academic and teacher whose life collapses under a charge of sexual harassment; the book deals with many, too many, large themes such as race relations, feminism, the decay of the university and, again, humankind's treatment of animals.

Although *Disgrace* was not the most artistically finished of his novels, it had an air of finality to it, the sense of an author ready to abandon the struggle with the intractabilities of the novel form, of a man tormented by and disgusted with the moral ambiguousness of fiction. After *Disgrace* he published a collection of essays and a second volume of a sort of autobiography, *Youth*. In *Elizabeth Costello*, the novelist's disgust and torment have subsided into irritation. Here is the opening paragraph of Lesson 1, titled, ominously, "Realism":

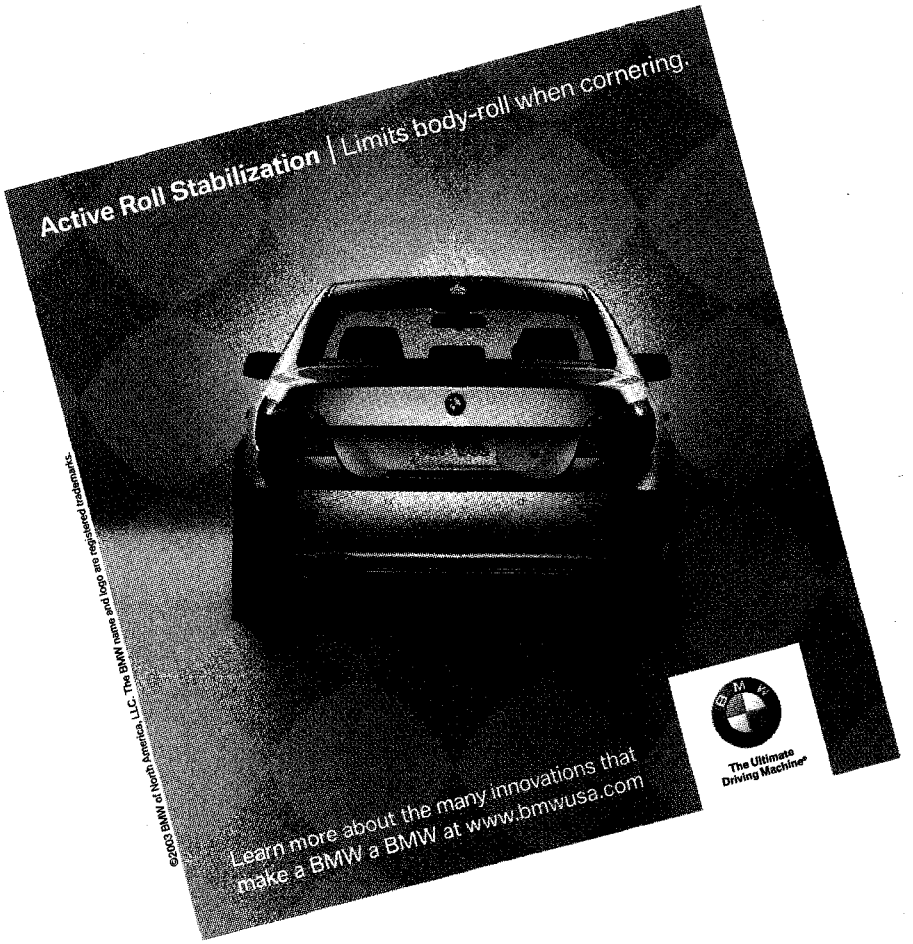
> There is first of all the problem of the opening, namely, how to get us from where we are, which is, as yet, nowhere, to the far bank. It is a simple bridging problem, a problem of knocking together a bridge. People solve such problems every day. They solve them, and having solved them push on.

It is as if this fabulously successful author—successful in the eyes of the world, at least—had in his 60s regressed to his earliest apprentice days, when simply getting a character into a room smoothly and convincingly was a major problem of linguistic logistics. The suggestion of a lip curled at those "People" who merely "solve such problems," however, bespeaks a writer not at the beginning, but the end.

The particular room into which Elizabeth Costello is maneuvered is in a hotel in Williamstown, Pennsylvania, where she has come to receive the Stowe Award, "made biennially to a major world writer" by Altona College. It is a curious mark of both *The Lives of Animals* and *Elizabeth Costello* that despite, or perhaps because of, the author's seeming disdain for the trappings of fiction, they have a highly burnished patina of realism—or "Realism." Elizabeth is accompanied by her son John, whom we also met in *The Lives of Animals*; he is a teacher of physics and astronomy, and as such a sort of foil to his artist mother, toward whom he maintains an attitude of somewhat skeptical admiration. In his previous outing he was mired in marriage and parenthood; this time he is footloose if not exactly fancy-free, although he does manage to get a beautiful young woman, with the enigmatically suggestive name of Moebius, one of the Stowe Award jurors, into bed. He has accompanied his mother to Pennsylvania "out of love. He cannot imagine her getting through this trial without him at her side," yet he is uncomfortably aware that he is becoming something like her trainer. "He thinks of her as a seal, an old, tired circus seal. One more time she must heave herself up on to the tub, one more time show that she can balance the ball on her nose. Up to him to coax her, put heart in her, get her through the performance."

On this occasion, Elizabeth's performance is her acceptance speech after the presentation of the Stowe Award. The subject she has chosen is "What is Realism?" She begins by adducing Kafka's story "Report to an Academy," in which an ape in evening dress delivers an address to a board of scholars. In one of her lectures in *The Lives of Animals* she used the same story to bolster her charges against mankind for its treatment of other creatures, but here she is addressing a purely artistic aspect of Kafka's fable, which is that since it is a monologue, we have no way of knowing whether Red Peter "really" is an ape, "or a human being presenting himself, with heavy irony, for rhetorical purposes, as an ape." In fact, "we don't know and will never know, with certainty, what is really going on in this story.... There used to be a time when we knew," when what happened in fiction seemed to us as real as what happened in life.

> But all that has ended. The word-mirror is broken, irreparably, it seems.... The words on the page will no longer stand up and be counted, each proclaiming "I mean what I mean!" The dictionary that used to stand beside the Bible and the works of Shakespeare above the fireplace, where in pious Roman homes the household gods were kept, has become just one code book among many.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At the end of Elizabeth's speech, a young woman, an Altona student, tries to ask a question—a hostile one, surely—but she is silenced by the dean. We naturally expect that this young woman will at some point get to issue her challenge to Elizabeth, but in one of a number of puzzlingly untied loose ends in the book, she is not heard from again. Is this missed, or ducked, opportunity the result of an authorial lapse of interest, or is Coetzee ironically supporting Elizabeth's contention that "we don't know and will never know"? We will never know.

For a woman who purports to hate travel, Elizabeth Costello does get about. In Lesson 2, "The Novel in Africa," she is on a luxury cruise from New Zealand to Cape Town via Antarctica. She has been hired by the cruise line to be a sort of writer-in-residence on the trip, delivering to the leisured passengers a short and undemanding course on the contemporary novel. Her fellow lecturer is a Nigerian novelist, Emmanuel Egudu, whose voice fills the bulk of the chapter. Egudu's lesson is that the African novel, being primarily an oral form, is "a critique of the Western novel, which has gone so far down the road of disembodiment—think of Henry James, think of Marcel Proust—that the appropriate way and indeed the only way in which to absorb it is in silence and in solitude." Once again, it is hard to know where Coetzee's sympathies, if he has sympathies, lie, whether with the cheerfully dismissive Egudu, or the resentfully disagreeing Elizabeth—"*If we were alone*, she thinks, *I would slap him*"—and our difficulties in deciding are only added to by the O. Henryish twist in the tail of the encounter, one of the very few nods the book makes in the direction of traditional storytelling.

The two longish Lessons from *The Lives of Animals* that make up the heart of the book separate the largely literary themes of the opening sections from the moral and eschatological concerns of the closing ones. The bleakness of the central passages—they end with Elizabeth weeping for the fate of the animals and her son taking the old woman in his arms and offering her the only consolation he can: "There, there," he whispers. "It will soon be over"—is not lightened by Lesson 5, "The Humanities in Africa," in which Elizabeth visits her sister Blanche, now a nun known as Sister Brigid, who is not only administrator of a hospital in rural Zululand but the bestselling author of *Living for Hope*, a book about the work she has been doing among children born infected with AIDS. The sisters argue about religion, and the failure, as Blanche/Brigid sees it, of the efforts of the likes of Winckelmann, Goethe and Nietzsche to reinstitute the values of classical Greece as an antidote to Christianity. At the end of their reunion Elizabeth is seemingly vanquished by her sister's vehement fundamentalism, but on her return home to Melbourne she writes a letter to Blanche recounting how when she was younger she had comforted a dying old man by displaying herself to him naked, and more; it is an affirmation of the pagan worship of the body and, by extension, of our humanness. The humanities, which Sister Brigid despises, "teach us humanity," Elizabeth writes. "After the centuries-long Christian night, the humanities give us back our beauty, our human beauty."

Lesson 6, "The Problem of Evil," is the oddest thing in the book. This time Elizabeth is speaking at a conference in Amsterdam. Having been accused of anti-Semitism because of her comparison between abattoirs and the gas ovens of the Holocaust, she is naturally touchy on the subject of evil. She has been reading a novel based on the July Plot to assassinate Hitler, in which the author, Paul West, has written a lengthy description of the execution of the plotters that is so vivid and so horrifying that she is convinced the author would necessarily have become infected by the very evil he was writing about. She makes this the basis of her address to the conference, only to find to her dismay that Paul West is to be a fellow speaker. Before delivering her talk, she approaches West and tells him what she is about to do. West, however, bafflingly, gives no response, does not even look at her. Is Coetzee writing direct from experience here? West exists, as does his novel, *The Very Rich Hours of Count von Stuaffenberg*; perhaps the two writers did have an encounter at a literary conference somewhere? Coetzee ends the Lesson in a typically gnomic and teasing fashion:

> There ought to be…some way of rounding off the morning and giving it shape and meaning: some confrontation leading to some final word. There ought to be an arrangement such that she bumps into someone in the corridor, perhaps Paul West himself; something should pass between them, sudden as lightning, that will illuminate the landscape for her, even if afterwards it returns to its native darkness. But the corridor, it seems, is empty.

Lesson 7, "Eros," the shortest of the eight, is also the most beautiful, a luminous meditation on the world, the flesh and the gods. In the final Lesson, "At the Gate,"

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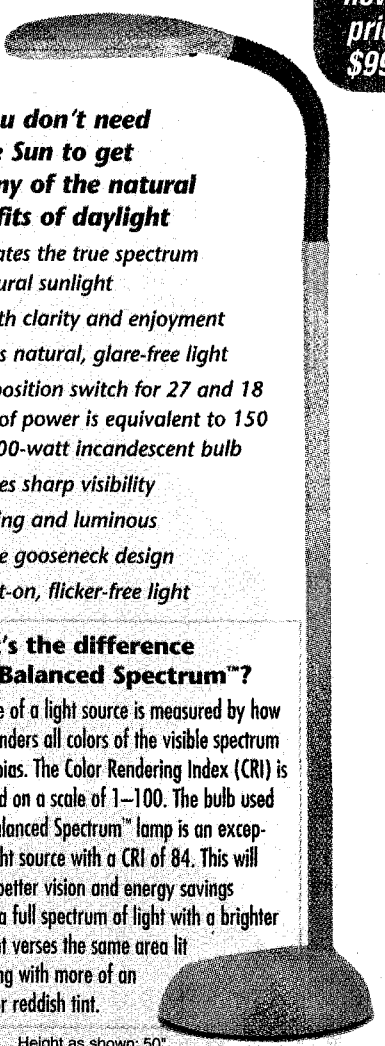

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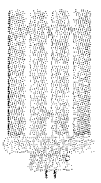

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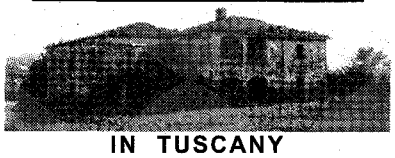

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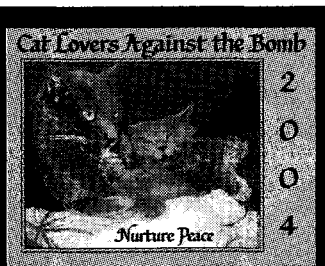

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Elizabeth is becalmed in a mysterious place halfway between life and death, where she is required to account for herself as a woman and as an artist. Here Coetzee, through a surprisingly clumsy and even banal conceit, subjects his chosen profession—if art is a profession—to the most unsparing scrutiny, asking in essence if a novelist can claim a special position outside the run of "ordinary" life, "ordinary" emotions, "ordinary" beliefs. A partial answer comes when the judges hearing Elizabeth's case "abandon all dignity and howl with laughter."

This is a curious, and curiously unsatisfactory, book that nevertheless, and despite its faults, resonates in the mind long after it has been put aside. Coetzee is addressing the predicament of the artist in the post-Modern—not the postmodern—age, when all certainties seem to have gone, when the word-mirror is in pieces. That predicament was addressed a full century ago, succinctly and brilliantly, in Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Ein Brief* (*The Letter of Lord Chandos*), one of the key Modernist documents, in which Chandos addresses his friend Francis Bacon, telling him of the crisis of language that he has undergone—"My case, in short, is this: I have utterly lost my ability to think or speak coherently about anything at all"—and that henceforth he will write nothing more, but will give himself up entirely to the wordless life of nature. Coetzee closes his book with another fictional letter to Francis Bacon, this one from Lady Chandos, who begs Bacon to save her and her husband from Chandos's crippling obsession with the numinous as manifest in the world of mute objects. "Tell him the time is not yet come, the time of the giants, the time of the angels. Tell him we are still in the time of fleas." Despite the passion of Lady Chandos's plea, it is a cold and bitter ending to a singularly comfortless book. Having finished it, one wants to turn back in hopes of an encounter that will give shape and meaning to the journey we have made. But the corridor, it seems, is empty. ■

Man's Best Friend

CALEB CRAIN

TIMOLEON VIETA COME HOME: A Sentimental Journey.
By Dan Rhodes. Canongate. 226 pp. $23.

As Stevie Smith once wrote, while impersonating God, "I will forgive you everything,/But what you have done to my Dogs/I will not forgive." About Dan Rhodes's novel *Timoleon Vieta Come Home*, many readers will only need to know this much: The dog dies, gratuitously and in sordid detail.

Less bloody, but just as egregious: Twice in Rhodes's novel, characters feed the dog chocolate. I suspect that Rhodes does not know that chocolate poisons dogs, because he presents the episodes as if they were benign. Or perhaps he does know, and the feedings are meant, like the butchery of the novel's title dog, to suggest that doom and mutilation await every attempt at love in this rotten world. It can be hard to distinguish cheap cynicism from ignorance.

And it is hard to say which is less welcome in a gay novel about a dog. Or in any novel, for that matter. But in the particular subgenre of gay novels about dogs, the bar has been set high, thanks to J.R. Ackerley's *We Think the World of You* (1960). Like that book, Rhodes's novel features an older gay man who lusts after a young straight and is loved by a dog instead. Ackerley's protagonist reserved most of the details of his human sexuality but gave away those of his dog-love so prodigally that he nearly incriminated himself. Rhodes's hero—an Englishman named Carthusians Cockroft who lives in Italy off the royalties of songs that he wrote for television in the 1970s—reverses these tendencies. He whines endlessly about his ex-boyfriends and his humiliations at their hands, but he is able to share only the most obvious facts about his dog. It wags its tail, it cocks its head. I found myself wondering if the author had ever owned one. On a related point, I confess that I have no idea whether Rhodes himself is gay or straight. In his author's note and in the one interview with him that I have read, he appears to be neuter. But if he isn't gay, then he is in an awkward illocutionary position, because he is selling homosexual degradation retail, for the chuckles. Consider this sample:

Caleb Crain is the author of American Sympathy: Men, Friendship, and Literature in the New Nation *(Yale).*

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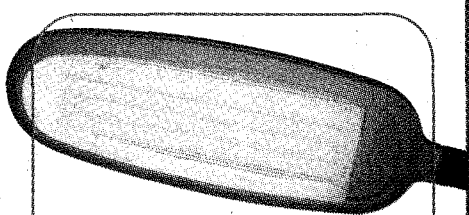

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> Cockroft knew that there had been times when he had lost his dignity completely.... He knew for certain that he had lost it in 1976 when, during a particularly difficult time in his life, the police had caught him spraying *I SUCK COCKS* on a footbridge over a dual carriageway. When the incident wasn't reported in the newspapers he didn't know whether to feel disappointed or relieved.

Ba-dum-bum. Nothing could make the joke funny, but one hopes for the sake of the author's soul that it is, at least metonymically, at his own expense.

If it is, then there might be a kind of news in the novel. It might be possible to read the book as a bulletin from a certain corner of the gay male romantic world. Not that this would be much fun.

At the start of Rhodes's novel, Cockroft, just old enough to draw a pension, has been living for five years with a stray dog whom he has named Timoleon Vieta. Man and dog share a secluded farmhouse in Umbria, from which the man decamps periodically in order to experience "blurs of sex, wine and tiramisu" in Florence and other cities.

"Timoleon" and "Vieta" happen to be the subject headings on the spine of Volume 22 of the 1973 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and so in the dog's name there is a grace note of nostalgia for childhood. From the dates it would be the author's, rather than his character's, childhood that is evoked, but in any case the dog offers Cockroft the certain and unconditional love that the fortunate receive in childhood and associate with that period of their lives. The dog, which is male, is said to have eyes "as pretty as a little girl's." Cockroft calls the animal "a saint."

Adult human love, unpredictable and demanding, is much less gratifying to Cockroft, who experiences it as a series of betrayals and pratfalls, mollified from time to time by short-lived sentimental delusions. (One such delusion is a happy ending that Rhodes arranges for Cockroft—panderingly nicey-nice in tone, and much less plausible than the unhappy end he inflicts on the dog.) Nonetheless, Cockroft craves human love. He hates the self that he becomes when alone.

> It was as if there were two different versions of him, one of which only came alive when there was another person around.... When he lived alone he would spend whole days crying, but he never did that when there was somebody else there, and he would go for days on end without having a bath, but he always washed regularly if there was somebody around to smell him. When he lived alone he used toenail clippings and pubic hairs as bookmarks, and talked to himself, the one musketeer, almost all the time.

Note how Rhodes seems unable to abate his ridicule until his hero's flaws have gone from endearing to repulsive.

One day a dim sadist with a "young, firm body" appears at Cockroft's. He claims to be a Bosnian refugee, and he is willing to suck off Cockroft once a week in exchange for room and board. Cockroft enjoys the arrangement, but after the "Bosnian" settles in, he demands that Cockroft lose the dog, because it growls at him. Cockroft complies. He even convinces himself that eventually the dog would have been no more loyal than a man anyway. "It's what you wanted isn't it?" Cockroft says to Timoleon Vieta just before abandoning him. "You're just the same as all the others, aren't you? You all get sick of me in the end. You all fall out of love with me, if you ever even loved me at all, which I don't suppose you did."

I know that people abandon dogs all the time, but I think very little of these people, much less than I do of, say, thieves or impostors, and I don't want to read novels about them. But I have been hired to write a review, and therefore, dutifully, I ask: What kind of character would betray the love of a dog for the sake of affectless sex? Under what circumstances might one be able to empathize with such a character?

The answer, I think, is discernible in a jump-cut that occurs soon after the Bosnian and Cockroft come to terms. On Wednesday at 7 PM, the Bosnian announces that he is "ready to pay his rent." Before Rhodes describes the sex work, however, he digresses.

He inserts a line break and then introduces a flashback, thus: "Cockroft had lost track of how many hours of his life he had spent contemplating suicide." There follows a rambling reminiscence of Cockroft's many grandiose fantasies of killing himself and his one serious flirtation with railway tracks at night. Then Cockroft and narrator return to the matter at hand: "But this was one of the rare moments when he was glad that he had never quite got around to ending it all. If he had done, he wouldn't be lying on the kitchen table, about to have his balls sucked dry by a big, handsome Bosnian."

Rhodes delivers the line as a joke, but it is a sad one, which turns on the unexpected compatibility of suicide and this particular argument against it—loveless sex with a man whose motives are fear and need.

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Rhodes knows that sorrow is beneath the surface of his jokes; he must, because he is very clever about dodging it. But in his narrative voice he pretends to be past disappointment, and he mocks those who won't pretend with him. A softhearted policeman, standing by when Cockroft ditches Timoleon Vieta, steps away because he "didn't want to get caught up with the kind of people who would abandon a dog at a bus stop." The policeman's precaution seems reasonable to me, but Rhodes feels obliged to cut him down to size by revealing, a page later, that "it was a shared love of plants and animals that had brought [the policeman and his wife] together when they were at college." Ha-ha. If you admit to being vulnerable to love for anything, in Rhodes's book, then the joke is on you. It was stupid of Cockroft to betray his dog, but it was nearly as stupid to love the dog as much as he did in the first place. And before that, I suspect, it was stupid of him to love and to want to be loved by men.

In the second half of the novel, Timoleon Vieta attempts to return to his master, and the dog's path crosses those of a series of likable gulls whom Rhodes jilts, scars, burns, isolates and demoralizes. Rhodes here extends his cynicism to the heterosexual world. By the time I reached the later chapters, Rhodes had taught me to wince at the introduction of new characters. I dreaded what he would do to them.

There is no charity in Rhodes's novel, probably because he believes it to be scarce in the world. But in fact it isn't necessary to choose between kindness and lust. It's possible to have a dog and a boyfriend, too. Hell, you can even have a plant, if you want one, and if anyone makes fun of you for it, tell him to knock it off. ■

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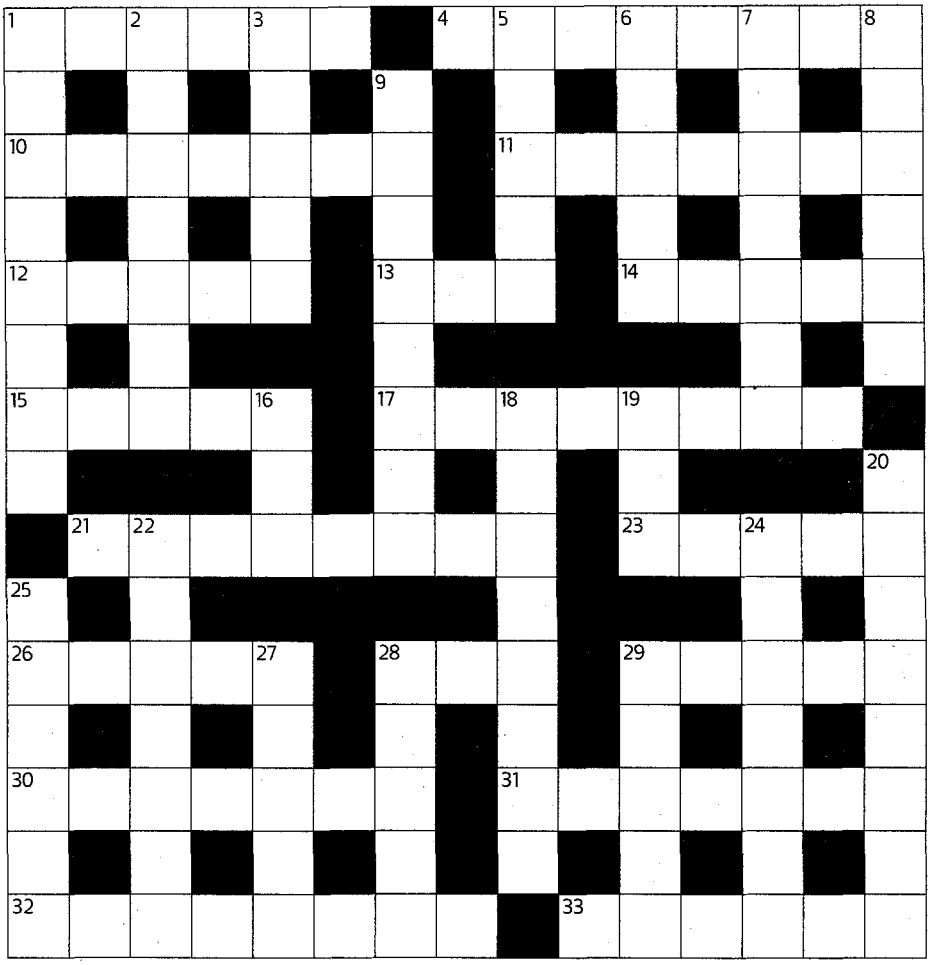
PUZZLE NO. 2913

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and **4** If the clue asks for something nice, the solver should—and also praise his setter. (3,2,1,4,4)

10 The one who enabled many people to take a lot of shots certainly wasn't a Westerner. (7)

11 A British Johnnie takes the water in France, using this to cover his head. (7)

12 Animal found in Oriental country? (5)

13 See 28 across

14 Bend the first part of this, getting left. (5)

15 See 8 down

17 One of the agave family shows how what goes in some tires came up. (8)

21 An aversion to having a banana the main ingredient? Find it! (8)

23 A 28 type of cheese, with a commander in this being presidential. (5)

26 Noted for being given breakfast around some time before noon. (5)

28 and **13** In California GIs rub the wrong way. (3,3)

29 Giving square measure all around? (How is the furry baby 99?) (5)

30 Possibly retains the way you might find sorry specimens. (2,5)

31 Good French backup to what some term the Capitol, but it's now in San Francisco. (3,4)

32 and **33** Possibly Fido gets in them with a sign of madness describing a "You can't have it!" attitude. (3,2,3,6)

DOWN

1 and **25** down What one needs to be unflustered by the attitude "I think, therefore I am!" (8,2,4)

2 One has to be willing to be this. (7)

3 Is the moving type happy? On the contrary, angry! (5)

5 This is nothing to the result of a wound given to movie standouts! (5)

6 What some critics said Grant did, though Lincoln seemed to approve. (5)

7 Some sort allowed inside, which, as they say, must involve the breaking of eggs. (7)

8 and **15** across Go over things again, and multiply the tab by two. (6-5)

9 It has a cordial relationship with something put in the pot I set inside. (8)

16 The type of bag they packed with early wartime troubles. (3)

18 A Civil War general had trouble with gin but was caught boasting of it. (8)

19 This bird is no longer with us, being a sort of tailless crow. (3)

20 Dirty jokes are supposedly given a mark of F, for cool construction. (3-5)

22 It should identify one when a security guard comes up! (4,3)

24 It implies nine big changes, having 1 down. (2,5)

25 See 1 down

27 Pulled out of a hat, perhaps—or at least pictured that way. (5)

28 A famous painter found in the "hobo school." (5)

29 With the hood lifted, it shows a striking example of danger (and firm supporter!). (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2912

P	I	T	C	H	O	V	E	R		B	O	A	R	D
H		R		E		E		U		A		L		I
O	C	E	A	N		G	A	M	E	C	O	C	K	S
T		A		N		E		O		K		A		T
O	L	D	M	A	S	T	E	R		S	I	N	A	I
		M				A				D				L
I	L	I	A	C		B	E	T	R	O	T	H	A	L
M		L		A		L		H		W		Y		E
P	O	L	A	R	B	E	A	R		N	A	D	I	R
R				P				I				R		
E	A	G	L	E		D	A	V	E	N	P	O	R	T
S		R		N		O		E		E		S		U
S	C	A	T	T	E	R	E	D		H	A	T	E	D
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S	U	P	E	R		C	O	N	D	U	C	T	O	R

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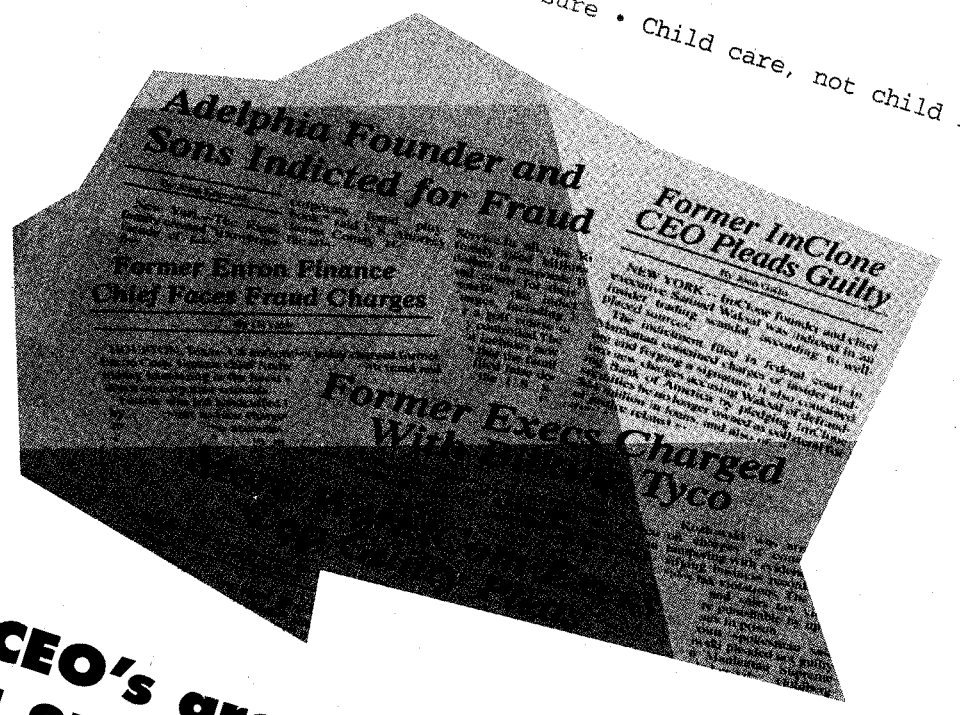
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Former Enron Finance Chief Faces Fraud Charges
Former ImClone CEO Pleads Guilty
Former Execs Charged With Tyco

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